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Men who Made Parliament

By the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

The text of the Prime Minister's broadcast on September 26, in which he drew attention to the first Report of the Committee set up to collect information about Parliament and its Members during nearly seven centuries

A LITTLE over two years ago Colonel Wedgwood told those who listened in to him of a project which he was launching to search for and examine the records of Parliamentary Elections, in order to compile complete lists of the names of Members, and obtain information regarding their lives, and other particulars about Parliament which would throw light upon the development of our representative Government. The first Report* of the Committee got together to do this work has just been issued.

This first Report on the pre-Reform Parliaments, with its valuable Appendices, is not merely a centenary celebration of the great Reform Bill. It points to new sources for the study and writing of the history of our political institutions. As reading for those whose imagination makes Parliament live and enables them to see the House at Westminster as an organic and unbroken whole through all the centuries, the volumes of which this is a prelude should become most interesting companions for many a quiet hour. What a pageant will those volumes be of good men and bad, of characters queer and humdrum, of men of valour and men of chicken-hearts, of careers crowned with success, disgraced by infamy, buried under failure—an ever-rolling stream of all the impulses which enable men to achieve by listening to the call of duty, envy, vanity, loyalty, and the other motive forces which make up the strange complexity of a human personality! It will be found, in any event, that every family of note which dug its roots into British soil and flourished finds a place in our Parliamentary records.

And, whilst we behold the stream move past, we cannot help reflecting that from its ripples, its currents, its disturbances, its burdens, grew up our State and our Government—and, for that matter, the State and the Government of many people other than ourselves. As happened in the seas and swamps of olden time, the things of substance, whether they were mud or dinosaurs floating on the top and then sinking to the bottom of the tossing, the flowing and the ebbing tides and currents, went to the making of the foundations of new worlds where we now have our dwelling-places and our fields of life; so from the turgid rushes of political event and personality are deposited the materials of the history which is the foundation of our institutions, our liberties, and our ways of government, and which is ever suffering shocks and subsidences by the discovery of new facts, the recovery of neglected or forgotten ones and the interpretation from different angles and by different minds of those that are old.

The Committee report that enough material is avail-

*H.M. Stationery Office .2s. 6d.

able for a record of the personnel of the past Houses of Commons, and that the task of collecting it should be undertaken. They say:

The importance of Parliament itself is a measure of the importance of its history. It is not necessary for us to stress that importance, either now or for the last 670 years. We were the first people to govern ourselves through responsible representatives. We may be the last. The institution is so peculiarly English, has been so envied by other nations, and has been so widely copied and discarded and fought over, that the world has come to accept parliamentary government as a symbol of freedom. Parliament has acquired a sentimental value altogether distinct from its real utility or power. There is now a pride in it as a visible national emblem.

Nor is Parliament a cold and remote abstraction. It must always be to us a long series of assemblies of men who were our ancestors. There are histories of the institution. There are also histories of its actions. But of the men who gave the institution life, who shaped it and in so doing shaped our history and even our minds, no record has ever been attempted. The reason is that the task has been too great for any private historian to attempt. The Report itself will indicate how great the task must be, and show the necessary research as being far beyond one man's powers.

Increasing Parliament's Prestige

I want to help to increase the prestige of Parliament, for that is itself a thing to be cared for at a time when Parliaments are being broken in other countries and when, between the wind of the demagogue and the vanity of the dictator, it is being questioned in our own. We celebrate at the same time the centenary of the Reform Bill and the fourth centenary of the Reformation Parliament, and whilst remembering that it has been said that 'many men have gone about to break Parliament but, in the end, Parliament hath broken them', try to keep the truth of that remark valid as to the future.

The Report shows us the magnitude of the task which the Committee have set before them. There were 200 Parliaments to which the Commons were summoned before the death of Elizabeth, and 55 more down to 1832, each with anything from 264 to 658 Members. There are names still to be discovered; constituencies; electorates, varying from time to time and place to place; contests; the state of parties at General Elections. The Committee emphasise the need for the identification of each Member —where he came from, what he was, what offices he held, what part he took in parliamentary affairs.

Even allowing for the fact that the same men sit in Parliament after Parliament (in old days, a man might sit in and live through 20 Parliaments)—allowing for this and for the many names we shall never recover, and for the many burgesses for small mediæval boroughs about whom nothing can now be found out, there will still be over 30,000 biographies to write—and the sources to be searched are mostly in manuscript.

It is a heavy work, but for some counties, both in England and Scotland, it has already been done. It can be completed; and the Committee give a clear account of all the sources whence the facts can be extracted.

The Committee refer to some of the interesting points which will be elucidated in the course of their work. Why did people desire, or otherwise, to be elected, why did they desire to be represented: and they propose to elucidate such subjects as the invasion of the House of Commons by lawyers, by adventurers, by social interest after social interest; the creeping in of patronage, and the packing of Parliament; the payment of salaries to Members; methods of election; nominations by Ministers of the Crown, by royal favourites, by magnates; government through Committees of the House; the growth of parties and party organisation; the everlasting fight between vested and public interests; the development of free thought and of conscience. When was the first by-election called for? When did Mr. Speaker for the first time issue his warrant to the Clerk of the Crown to make out a new writ? When first did the King's Ministers think it desirable to be elected to the lower House, and why? When were outsiders first elected? In its charter of incorporation granted to the borough of Ludlow in 1462 the right to send a non-resident to represent it in Parliament was granted. What was the significance of this in the history of Parliamentary representation? Round each of these, approached from the point of view of biographies, will be written stories that will read as romances.

Let me give one interesting illustration of the kind of information which has just come to light in the Committee's researches:

In 1442, Robert Long, being then as now 'of Wraxall', being also bailiff for the Bishop of Salisbury, got himself elected for Salisbury and got his three sons, mostly minors, solely because they were his sons, elected at the same time for three other Wiltshire boroughs. He had already sat in five former Parliaments as Knight of the Shire for Wilts. From this, inferences may be drawn, if only tentatively, of the power of a bishop's bailiff, rivalling that of the sheriff or of the bishop himself; an ex-Knight of the Shire being willing to sit as a burgess, apparently showing no difference of status; the usefulness to a family of a family party at Westminster; the poor chance of the genuine resident of these lesser boroughs to get elected; and an indifference to infancy which reached its climax in Stuart times. These are interesting to the man who browses for pleasure as well as to the man who studies for learning. It is not too much to say that no fresh fields for the study of English political history between 1300 and 1800 can now be attempted until this class of facts is available to be worked upon. Above all, responsible representative government will be illustrated in its detailed working; and, through biography, it can be shown in all stages of growth.

The Real Makers of Parliament

Who was it made Parliament? Not the Kings, but the men. Empson and Dudley sat there, possibly misjudged; the murderer of the Princes in the Tower sat beside the designer of Henry VII's chapel; the first English surgeon, John Somerseth, finds his place; the pirate, Bob Wennington, sat for Dartmouth; the Cecils sat for Stamford; both Cromwells, Thomas and Oliver, spoke from the benches; the pious bookseller who founded Guy's Hospital was a Whig Member; every Wentworth, Wingfield, Harcourt, Hampden, Talbot and Trevelyan had his borough or his county seat, and when the Scotch came in, Campbell, Hamilton and Stewart fought it out on the floor of the House. Again, I say, 'What a pageant!'

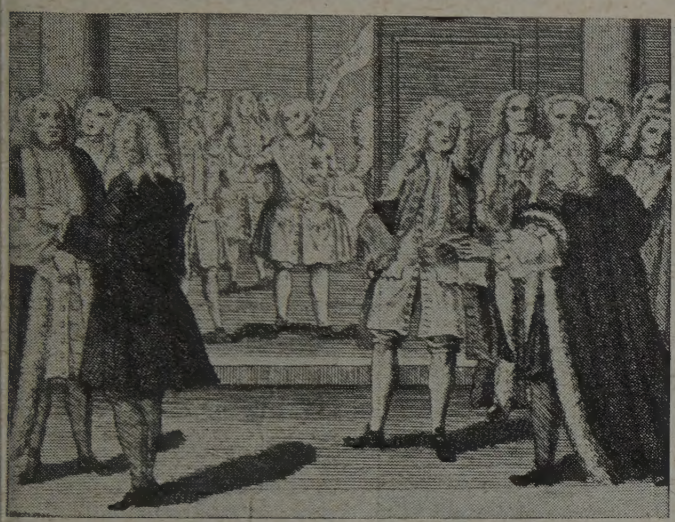
I want this work to be proceeded with—to be put through. It is time it was done. Thirty thousand pounds and five years are the money and the time required. I am quite sure from what I know of Colonel Wedgwood that he will go on with the work with or without financial help, but this is not a one-man job, nor does one enthusiast or purse suffice. Steps should be taken to put the work on a business and financially sound footing. The Government have done and will do their part. Parliament is the common heritage of England and America, one might almost say of the world. Let me say in passing how I welcome Professor Wallace Botestein, of Yale, a representative of American historical interest and scholarship, as a member of the Committee. Somewhere there must still be enough wealth and enough generosity to see that this great work of national and international interest is brought to a successful finish.

I cannot conclude without thanking all those responsible for the immense amount of work that has been put into this Report. The Appendices with the lists of Parliaments and of sources which must be explored minutely; the Card catalogues with the names of Members recovered and the Contests and polls—these are the necessary heaps of raw material for the future work, and I most heartily congratulate the Committee on what they have done.

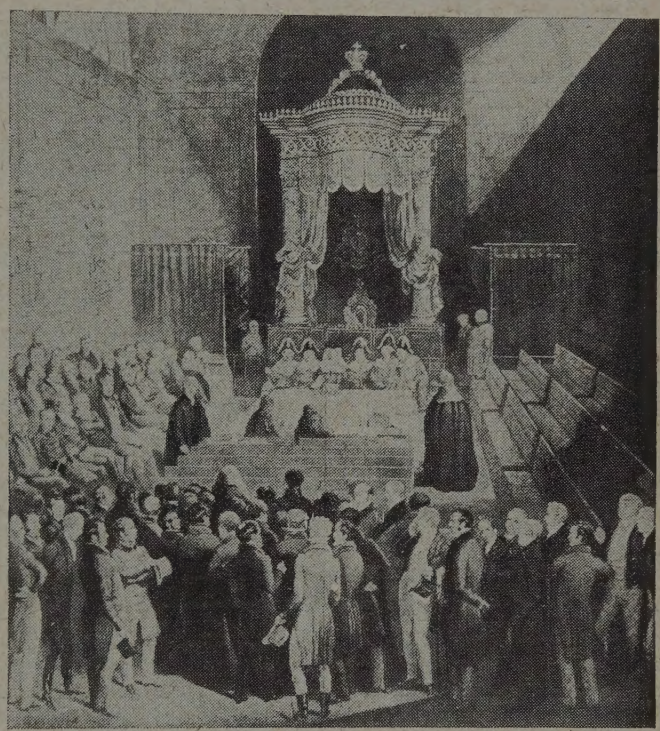
Historic Occasions in Parliament

Parliament deposing Richard II (1399)

Cromwell expelling members from the House of Commons (1653)



Walpole leaving the House after heated discussion on his Excise Bill (1733)



The Royal Assent given to the First Reform Bill (1832) in the House of Lords

Peel announcing his conversion to Free Trade principles during the Corn Law Debate (1846)

Gladstone's Second Home Rule Bill on its way from the Commons to the Lords (1893)

The Law of the Land—I

The Meaning of the Law

By the Rt. Hon. LORD MACMILLAN

It is fitting that Lord Macmillan, who is one of the Lords of Appeal in the highest court of the realm, should open this series of talks designed to give listeners some idea of the philosophy and history of the law, and to show its relation to the ordinary individual

EVERY one of you, I suppose, is familiar with at least one legal maxim—that ignorance of the law is no excuse. But while you are all presumed at your peril to know the law, the odd thing is that no steps whatever are taken by anybody to tell you anything about it. It is not taught in our schools nor is it expounded, like other branches of study, in popular lectures and manuals. The platform and the pulpit for the most part ignore it.

Indeed, of all our great national institutions the law, I am quite sure, is the least understood. Yet it is the most fundamental of all, for it is the very basis of our whole social life. I should like to have the privilege of cross-examining some of you as to what you really have in your minds when you think about the law, if you ever do think about it at all. Many of you, I am sure, think of it in terms of the sensational press reports of criminal trials and sordid police court scandals; to others of you it is symbolised by the policeman on point duty; with some I expect it calls up a series of rather irritating and apparently illogical restrictions on betting and bathing; while for others their only contact with it has taken the form of obscure and annoying encounters with the Income Tax authorities. For this confused medley you are really not to blame. It is largely due to the fact that so little has been done to enable the man in the street to realise the part which law really plays in his daily life, and to the prevalent idea that the law is a repellent mystery with which it is best to have as little to do as possible. Of course like everything else law has a technique of its own which is only for the expert, but at the same time it has a very human side which is full of interest, for it concerns almost every aspect of our daily lives, and its principles and its problems provide a fascinating study not only for the lawyer but also for the layman. There was a time when law was not thought too technical and abstruse a subject even for school instruction, and an Act of Parliament of 1494 required the rudiments of it to be taught to boys of a certain standing, so that they might have knowledge and understanding of the law. But that was in Scotland, where, I believe, they have a natural aptitude and appetite for law. The truth is that the law, like our own bodies, only attracts our attention when something goes wrong.

The Court of Common Pleas

In this and the succeeding three pictures we reproduce four illuminations (kept in the Inner Temple Library) of four famous English law-courts as they were in the Middle Ages nearly 500 years ago. This picture shows the seven presiding judges, officers of the court, sergeants-at-law, and defendant in custody of a tipstaff

What then is the law? It is a puzzling thing to define, and many people have tried their hand at it. But do not be alarmed, I am not going to harass you with all the metaphysical controversies about it. For our present purpose it is sufficient to describe it as the science and art of human relations. A single human being living alone would have no need of law. No doubt he would find it useful to know something about the laws of health and the laws of matter, but laws of that kind, the exact laws of science, are quite different in character from those of which I am speaking, though the same word—so ambiguous is our language—is applied to them. Law in my sense becomes necessary only when human beings come into contact with each other. Wherever you have human beings living together you have the possibility of conflict. Each human being is a bundle of energies, appetites and desires. He wants things for himself and he wants to do what he pleases. But so does every other human being. What one wants to possess another may also want to have, and what one wants to do he may only be able to do by interfering with what another equally wants to do. Thus human beings in a community are constantly being brought up against each other. We are endlessly encountering each other in one way or another, and in all these contacts there is a risk of conflict, for contact may easily engender friction, and conflict at once produces disorder. How then is this constant possibility of conflict to be eliminated and that orderly conduct of life to be maintained without which civilised society could not exist?

The answer is to be found in the reign of law, in the existence of a complete system of rules which we are required to obey, and which define for us our mutual rights and duties in all the multifarious relationships of life. Man early came to realise that if he was to live in peace and comfort with his fellows there must be give and take on both sides, and thus the principles on which we give and we take, in other words the rights and duties of citizens, came to be formulated.

What the law does is to provide the framework within which civilised life can be carried on. It is for the most part invisible, for fortunately we are not always thinking about the law any more than we are always thinking about our health, and in a law-abiding community obedience to the law is as automatic as the obedience of the cricketer or the football-player to the rules of the game. The moment, however, there is an infraction of the rules of law we become aware of them. One driver in a crowded thoroughfare who disobeys the rule of the road may disorganise the whole traffic. Just as there would be no game if there were no rules, so there would be no civilised life if there were no laws. But the law does not profess to provide us with a whole code of life. The law in the sense in which I am using the term does not pretend to do more than govern our outward conduct towards each other. Its standards are objective. If I drive my motor car negligently so that it collides with and smashes another car, I am liable in damages just as much whether my negligence was due to my mind being absorbed in thinking out some scheme of social welfare or was due to my being in a hurry to get to the theatre. Even when, as in the criminal law, regard is had to motives, punishment is inflicted not because we have harboured evil intentions, but because we have *acted* with evil intentions. The commandments of the law for the most part do not concern themselves with the spiritual and emotional side of our

lives, and there is a large field of human thought and human action to which the law is quite indifferent. The law does not require us to love one another or not to be unkind to each other. It was at one time said that Christianity was part of the common law of England, but the frontiers between law on the one hand and religion and morals on the other are now more clearly demarcated. It is only when our thoughts and feelings translate themselves into outward action that the law is there to see that such action does not infringe the rights of others. At the same time it is interesting to see how the conception of what the law may fittingly deal with has varied from age to age. Nowadays the law concerns itself with all sorts of things it never bothered about in former times, such as the quality of milk, the size of lobsters, the hours within which you may buy chocolates or cigarettes. The tendency in these days to regulate by law every conceivable action of our lives is one of very debatable merit.

The law being thus seen to consist of a far-reaching system of rules and orders regulating our daily human intercourse in its outward aspect, I next emphasise that it is of the essence of this system that it should not be merely arbitrary. True it is that there are some rules of law which are merely rules of expediency. It is not intrinsically wrong for a Frenchman and intrinsically right for an Englishman to drive on the left of the road any more than it is intrinsically right that an over at cricket should consist of a certain number of balls. There are many such laws which might just as well be one way as the other. They do not involve any question of right or wrong, except that once the rule is made it becomes wrong to break it, because to do so would infringe the comfort or safety of others who, in regulating their own conduct, are entitled to rely on

The Court of King's Bench

Five judges wearing coifs preside. Below them sit the King's Coroner and Attorney and the Masters of the Court. On the table are rolls and two ushers, one of whom is administering the oath to a jury. A prisoner in fetters stands at the bar, and six more occupy the foreground, in charge of gaolers

our observance of the rule. The important thing in such matters is to have a definite rule and for all to obey it; otherwise disorder ensues.

Apart from such mere rules of convenience and expediency to which the force of law has been given but which are morally indifferent, the great ruling principle of all law is justice. If the law is to satisfy the instincts of humanity it must be just—that is, it must conform to a certain ethical standard or ideal of what is right. Unjust laws may be enforced by the power of the State, but to command willing assent and obedience laws must be recognised to be fair and just and expedient, otherwise many people will try to evade them (as is the case with the prohibition law in the United States and the betting laws in this country) and the law will be brought into contempt. Justice as between man and man is what humanity has ever craved, and it is for the law to satisfy that craving. The instinctive desire for justice is inborn in man, and it is one of the very first instincts to manifest itself in childhood. Which of us cannot recall the sense of burning indignation with which we resented some trivial act of injustice inflicted upon us in the nursery!

Here we reach a central problem of the law. While all agree that laws should be just, few are agreed as to what is just. Justice is not a conception which can be analysed aad defined with scientific precision. Indeed, as with all the other moral virtues, the idea of justice has varied at different times and among different peoples. It is only in a highly civilised state that the true nature of justice can be appreciated, and even in such a state there can only be an approximation to the ideal. We are all of us so preoccupied with our own concerns and so full of our own prejudices that we are apt to think and to say—

The Court of Chancery

Two judges in scarlet robes sit on the Bench with four Masters in Chancery. Below them are the registrars and other officers with rolls before them. On the table is a clerk reading a record, and near him a sealer pressing down the matrix of the Great Seal. In the foreground are sergeants and apprentices-at-law

'What I want is just and what my neighbour wants, if it conflicts with what I want, is unjust'. A recent writer who had to administer law among a primitive people found, as he tells us, that with them justice consisted in winning your case and injustice in losing it. The idea of justice is thus something which for its apprehension requires a high level of cultivation. The instinct of justice has to be educated, and indeed the finest flower of education is the ability to see the other side as clearly as one's own side. But such is human frailty that it will be long before we can dispense with the wholesome rule that no man shall be a judge in his own cause, a rule so strictly enforced that on one occasion the decision of a Lord Chancellor was set aside because it was subsequently discovered that he had an interest in a company which was one of the parties to the suit, although at the time he had entirely forgotten the circumstance.

While it is often extremely difficult, as every judge knows, to decide where justice lies in individual cases, the conception of justice in the abstract, to which the law ought to conform, is more easily definable. The man of religion quotes the supreme rule of conduct laid down in the New Testament: 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'. The philosopher quotes Kant's rule: 'Act on a maxim at all times fit for law universal', that is to say, judge your acts from the point of view of what would happen if everyone else acted in the same way. Or he may prefer Herbert Spencer's formula: 'The liberty of each limited only by the like liberties of all'. But the lawyer may well be content with the lofty, yet simple, language in which his ideal has been expressed for him in the famous Institutes of Justinian: 'The precepts of the law are these: to live honestly, to injure no one, and to give to every man his due'. This triple test is no less valid now than it was in the days of Rome, and the justice of our laws may well be judged by the extent to which they ensure the attainment of these three objects.

The Court of Exchequer

Presided over by a judge in scarlet robes and four others in yellow robes. Below, clerks and officers of the court, some of whom are counting gold coin. In front, three sergeants and counsel in parti-coloured robes, prisoners in a square cage, and two iron-bound chests suggestive of treasure. The traditional chequered cloth used in this court is not shown in the above picture

Inner Temple Library, by permission of the Masters of the Bench

The promotion of justice by the enactment and enforcement of laws which answer such tests is, or ought to be, the prime concern of all good government. But when we descend from the general to the particular, what room for controversy there is, both as to means and as to ends! What are the requirements of honest dealing? Is it honest for the seller of goods to say *caveat emptor*, let the buyer look after himself, or ought he to warn him of defects in what we are trying to sell him? Again, what amount of sacrifice or injury to his own interests may the individual be fairly called upon to suffer for the common welfare? What are the limits of fair taxation? And, most difficult of all, what is each man's due to which he is entitled? Economists and politicians as well as lawyers have long fought over this ground.

I would therefore venture to remind those who are fond of complaining of the law's injustice that they ought to be just to the law itself, for its problems are as infinite in their variety and as constantly changing as human nature itself, and the law can no more achieve perfect solutions of its problems than can any other human institution. As Addison said of justice, 'Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for its full attainment'. I should like to quote the words of that great man, Sir Walter Scott, who, you will remember, was all his days a lawyer: 'In civilised society', he says, 'law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house and put everyone's eyes out—no wonder therefore that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty'. But however we may differ in our ideas of justice, and consequently of what the law should be, all are agreed that it should be the same for everyone. Equality before the law is of the very essence of our modern conception of justice. This does not, of course, mean that the law necessarily confers the same rights and imposes the same duties on everyone. Far from it. I am not entitled to compensation if I have an accident while working in my garden, but my gardener is, because the law has given a right to compensation to certain classes of employed persons, of whom I do not happen to be one. So he has, no doubt quite properly, a right which I have not. What is meant by equality before the law is not that we should all have equal rights, but that the law should be administered to all to whom it applies with absolute impartiality—or, in the noble words of the judicial oath, 'without fear or favour, affection or ill-will'. The law must be no respecter of persons.

I have spoken of the law as ensuring the peace and comfort of our daily lives by promoting order in our human relationships and as designed to satisfy our moral aspirations for equal justice to all, but I must not omit another of its essential attributes. It ought also to be certain, and that in two senses. It ought to be uniform and definite, so that all men may know the law, and it ought to be enforced inexorably. I shall have something to say later about the possibility of every citizen knowing all the law, but meantime I wish to draw attention to the element of compulsion inherent in the conception of law. When we speak of the majesty of the law, we think not only of a code which is worthy of our respect, but of something which is clothed with power. Laws would be merely futile if the force and authority of the State were not behind them. It is the presence of this element of compulsion which renders the task of the law-giver so anxious and so responsible, for he knows that what he lays down will be imposed with the whole force of the State on every citizen, whether he likes it or not. In the ultimate resort the policeman always stands behind the seat of justice.

Law can never be static. It is always changing, always developing. Hardly has it overtaken and adjusted one set of relationships than it finds itself confronted with new and entirely different circumstances for which it must in turn provide regulation and control. In our own days the immense recent advances in social and physical science are reflected in entirely new chapters of the law dealing with such subjects as workmen's compensation and public health, on the one

(*Continued on page* 488)

The Way of the World

A Sense of Unreality at Geneva

By VERNON BARTLETT

THE whole object of foreign policy, I suppose, is to defend the interests of one's own country as effectively as possible without coming too much into conflict with the interests of others. In other words, we ought to consider the League as a severely practical issue, and not so much as an ideal. You may remember about the old lady who, asked what she thought of the League, said she thought it would be an excellent organisation 'if it were not for all those foreigners'. But you cannot very well wipe out 'all those foreigners'. Even the most ruthless Government after the most ruthless war nowadays hardly suggests that every man, woman and child of its enemies must be destroyed. And if they are there you cannot avoid contact with them. That, I think, is what we have to keep in mind when we consider how important it is for us to keep the League of Nations going.

I was thinking along these lines a week or so ago when I sat in a room in the League Secretariat and heard Sir Eric Drummond and other people talking in quite normal and ordinary voices to every part of the world. It was my own first effort at arranging a broadcast programme, and listeners in Japan or the Argentine, Canada or China, must have been a little puzzled by some of the whisperings that went on as I tried at the last moment to remind my French and Spanish colleagues how they should end up their talks. There we were, talking to the whole world from a temporary studio which looked like a photographer's dark room. For the League of Nations now has its own wireless station, so that it can communicate quickly with even the most distant Governments in times of crisis. On September 25 it gave the first of a series of programmes which is being relayed by something like a couple of hundred broadcasting stations in different parts of the world.

What is the good, when communications are developing in that way, of pretending that people in any one country can ever again cut themselves off from all other peoples and be unaffected by their existence, by their prosperity or their poverty, by their wars or their peace? You cannot turn back the clock so far that people will forget all about wireless or telephones or motor cars, or any of the other inventions which bring us into closer contact with our fellow men; and if you try even to pretend that those developments do not exist, the chances are that sooner or later you will be reminded of their existence with some violence. That has been the note in all the speeches made in the League Assembly so far—a rather gloomy note, of course, because there is plenty for pessimists to be pessimistic about. They point out that this is the Thirteenth Ordinary Annual Assembly. Those who remember their arithmetic tables may also remind us that it opened on the twenty-sixth of the month. Mr. De Valera's speech, which started it off, was made to the accompaniment of distant thunder. For reasons of economy most of the corridors of the League building seem to be in half darkness. I do not know how much rain must have fallen during the opening days of the session: certainly some tons I should imagine. And apart from all that, the Assembly has a depressing feeling of helplessness. There is no use denying it. Although more States are represented than ever before—fifty-five, I believe—and although two new members have been admitted—Turkey and Iraq—there has been a remarkable lack of candidates to speak in the general debate with which the Assembly opens. In the early days it was difficult to keep orators quiet; now it is difficult to get the members up. The reason for this is that even the most talkative delegate feels that long strings of platitudes about noble ideals and so forth would be out of place. Mr. De Valera was very blunt in reminding the nations that they cannot keep their League alive merely by patting it and themselves on the back.

There is a note of helplessness about the League Assembly because the three big questions in international affairs are being dealt with elsewhere, or at a different moment. Though the newspapers last Monday published long extracts from the Report of the Lytton Commission on the trouble between China and Japan, the dispute itself will not be discussed until the middle of November, as the Japanese Government has asked for time in which to prepare a reply, and since the conviction seems to be growing here that the League is going to stand or fall by the way in which it carries out the Covenant in that part of the world, any debates which ignore Manchuria have got a certain note of unreality about them.

Lord Cecil, in one of the best speeches of his career, declared that we were all agreed upon one point, namely, that if the principles of the League Covenant had been fully applied we should not have had to deplore the long-continued dispute there. On the other hand, one of the most influential of Frenchmen suggested in private conversation that if we could not depend on respect for the League Covenant, the only method by which France could meet the armament threat in Germany—at any rate the threat implied in the speeches of General von Schleicher and other Germans—would be to return to the old armaments competition which ended, or perhaps I should say found its outlet, in the last War.

Apart from this Far Eastern trouble, the economic problem is, of course, being dealt with by the World Economic Conference which is to meet presumably in London early next year. So that economic discussions also lose their note of reality. The same remark applies so directly to disarmament that the Third Commission of the Assembly, which deals with armaments and which has hitherto been the main attraction each September, has not even been set up this year. I think the whole truth of it is that the Assembly this year can best be compared with a conjurer's patter while he produces his rabbit or his dove from his hat. It is intended to hold public attention while determined but desperate efforts are made to reach agreement between France and Germany, and to a lesser degree between Japan and the other members of the League and the United States.

Lord Cecil reminded us that a year ago from the same platform he had declared that a real agreement between France and Germany would wipe out 75 per cent. of the unrest of the world. I believe he is right, for every issue that arises makes each Government, as things are at present, think less of the issue itself than of the effect which any action might have upon this one great issue. I only wish I were more happy about the animal that the conjurer is going to produce from his hat, after all these discussions. It may be the dove of peace, a little bedraggled from having been kept there so long, but the French belief that Germany sooner or later is determined to have another war—very probably with Italy as her ally—seems to be now so profound that it seems to me there is a considerable danger that the conjurer will not be able to bring off his trick at all.

All of which means that in spite of a great deal of whispering in the corridors, and a good many interviews, I think we are still hesitating at the cross-roads. One road leads to peace and reduction of armaments, but it can only be followed if all of us are willing to sacrifice a good deal of our national sovereignty, as we have done in the case of our domestic sovereignty in accepting the right of the police and other public officials to interfere in our private lives. The other road leads very quickly to war. For, once again, to quote Lord Cecil, the situation in the event of a failure of the Disarmament Conference will be infinitely worse than if we had never tried to disarm, since it will show plainly that the nations are not prepared to abandon war.

Here let me add, in the hope of wiping out any misunderstanding that may have arisen from my last talk, that I do not and never would support the doctrine of peace at any price, but I do oppose war, because in it the most powerful country wins, whether it is in the right or the wrong, and I do not subscribe to that doctrine. I never will subscribe to that doctrine that might is right.

Nation shall speak Peace unto Nation

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, *Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in* THE LISTENER *being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in* THE LISTENER *do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.*

Culture and Democracy

SOME stir was caused at the recent Conference of the British Institute of Adult Education by the expression of doubts on the part of the B.B.C. Director of Talks in his address to that Conference (which we report elsewhere) whether the traditional culture of Oxford and Cambridge, particularly as interpreted through such well-known forms of adult education as the University Tutorial Class movement, is either applicable or adequate to a modern democracy. This is not the first time that such doubts have been expressed, but hitherto their force has been lessened by the absence of any practicable alternative way of approach to the problem. In the past we have in this country several times successfully tried the experiment of engrafting an older and traditional form of culture upon a new and wider framework of society. Thus, the culture of the landed aristocracy of the eighteenth century was modified and adapted so as to be applicable to the mercantile and industrial classes which pushed their way to social power early in the nineteenth century; and since then Oxford and Cambridge have prided themselves on having opened their doors to the working man, and having through the scholarship system and through extra-mural activities provided machinery for the giving of a philosophical and literary training to the future leaders of the industrial masses.

The ideal of a democracy educated through its leaders in this way is a fine one, but it is legitimate to wonder whether its realisation is proceeding fast enough, or even whether it is capable of ultimate realisation at all. According to the Director of Talks, it is a mistake to try and apply an old culture on to new social groups which lack the necessary pre-requisites in the form of certain standards of leisure, upbringing, early education, and so forth. The unsatisfactory results of trying to graft this older university culture upon stocks that are not adequately prepared for it is seen in the frequency with which it happens that sending working-class students to universities or giving them extra-mural university courses produces types which no longer accord with their own previous industrial environment, and yet make neither first-rate students nor effective leaders in the social and political field. Those who are most familiar with the achievements of university adult education—and no one with practical experience can deny the advantages which have been gained through the deliberate setting of a high intellectual standard at one end of its scale in the Tutorial Class—must admit that this criticism of its results hitherto is in part valid. But the Director of Talks goes on to suggest that through broadcasting—and, no doubt, also through the kindred agency of the film—the necessary adaptability may be given to adult education, enabling it better to reconcile the cultural traditions of the past with 'a new democratic culture as and where it becomes articulate'. These great mechanical inventions are capable of being used in different ways to satisfy the educational needs of communities at very different stages of development. Thus, in Russia, where a rather primitive society is being forced to concentrate upon the economic and technical pre-requisites for the creation of any form of stable culture at all, broadcasting is used largely as a means for a discussion in factories and workplaces of the technique of industrial production and management. Again, in Italy broadcasting, whilst recognising the existing forms of culture, subordinates them to the cultivation of a particular social theory. We in Britain are engaged in the attempt—whether it will be successful or unsuccessful, who can tell?—to avoid the necessity for extreme changes, and to combine what is good of our own traditions of culture and liberty with a new and necessary social self-discipline.

Because of its ubiquity and because it operates through a non-literary medium, broadcasting has an infinitely greater power of influencing opinion and modes of thought than the older apparatus of adult education. Much of the latter is inspired by the essentially aristocratic conception of 'education for leadership': and from this follows the academic preference for 'quality' over 'quantity' in educational influence. But broadcasting is not called upon to follow this tradition: it must mark out its own new task suitable to its power—the task of responding to the cultural needs of democracy as a whole. Certainly, as the Director of Talks points out, this greater power but emphasises the paramount importance of keeping the instrument free from political control. We have hitherto been successful in developing broadcasting in the direction of giving increasing representation to minority opinions and minority interests; consequently, its educational significance has grown until to-day it can no longer be regarded as an educational frill or superfluity. No longer forming a kind of extension or accessory to the older kinds of educational activity, broadcasting now in its turn influences their development and calls for a general widening of outlook and method which, we anticipate, may eventually result in the total supersession of 'education' in the pedagogical sense.

Week by Week

IT is good news that the Government grant in aid of the work of the Society of Friends in providing allotments for the unemployed in distressed areas is to be revived. A year ago, the state of the national finances and the urgent demands for economy caused the withdrawal of the financial assistance by the Government; but although a great many schemes for providing social recreation and educational facilities for the unemployed in different parts of the country have recently been tried out, some of them with success, no plan has won more universal approval or had more widespread effects than has this allotment scheme. During 1930-31 no fewer than 64,000 allotment holders were given assistance, at a cost to the Government of £23,000. When the Government grant was withdrawn a year ago, the Society of Friends stepped into the breach and by voluntary subscriptions raised enough money to give help to over 62,000 allotment holders, who raised £400,000 worth of produce. The revived Government grant is to be on the basis of £1 from the State for every £1 contributed from voluntary sources. The maximum State expenditure will be limited to £12,500, but this modest sum of money will go a long way towards vastly increasing the numbers of those who, though technically unemployed, will thus be enabled to grow much of their own food.

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At first sight the estimate of £30,000 as the cost of compiling a complete record of the personnel of the House of Commons, as suggested in the Report which formed the subject of the Prime Minister's recent broadcast, may seem formidably high; but the briefest examination of the Interim Report*

*Interim Report of the Committee on House of Commons Personnel and Politics, 1264-1832. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.

(which itself cost nearly £350 to produce) is enough to show the enormous bulk and variety of the material which will have to be examined for the compilation of the record. Almost fifty pages of the first appendix to the Report are occupied with a bare chronological list of all the Parliaments which have been held between 1258 and 1832, with the dates of their meetings and a calculation of the number of the names of M.P.'s which have been identified or lost. This gives some idea of the ground to be covered, whilst the main text of the Report shows to what extent the Sheriff's Returns (which are the main source of information) require to be supplemented by a sifting of the contents of the Public Record Office, the Journal of the House of Commons, municipal records, and other documents. Even in times like the present, therefore, it ought not to be impossible for such a sum as £30,000 to be raised by public appeal, seeing that this appeal will interest not merely Britain and the Empire, but every country throughout the world where parliamentary institutions have grown up under the influence or at the example of our own. It is only surprising that the Mother of Parliaments should have had to wait so long before the political genealogists could get down to work upon the details of her family tree.

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The Courtauld Institute of Art starts off next week in its first session's work with about thirty students, most of them already graduates in this country or in America. Its main purpose—as described lately in our pages by Professor Read—is to provide training in the appreciation and history of art, with a special view to preparing students for museum and gallery work. For this the Institute is very well equipped. It is housed at 20 Portman Square, given by Mr. Samuel Courtauld until it acquires permanent headquarters in London University's Bloomsbury buildings. On the premises are a nucleus of a valuable art library, and the Conway collection of 100,000 reproductions of works of art, illustrative of painting, architecture, sculpture, metalwork, ceramics, etc., of all periods and countries; while students will also have access to the Witt collection of photographs of paintings at 32 Portman Square. The Director, Professor W. G. Constable, has collected a distinguished group of lecturers for the first year. He himself will deal with mediæval and eighteenth-century painting, Professor Otto Kümmel of the Berlin State Museum with Chinese and Japanese Art, Mr. Eric Maclagan with Italian Renaissance Sculpture, Mr. Charles Johnson with English Painting; while others giving courses (each course is usually of six lectures) are Mr. Roger Fry, Sir Charles Holmes, Professor A. M. Hind, Mr. Bernard Rackham, Mr. J. B. Manson, and Mr. Thomas Bodkin of the National Gallery of Ireland. (Several of these courses are to be open to the public; some at a payment, some free with entrance by ticket only—the Secretary to the Director will supply all information.) And not the least of the Institute's advantages is that these lectures will not be delivered in the Spartan surroundings of the usual classroom, but in the rooms of a house decorated by Robert Adam, with Renoirs, Cézannes, Seurats, Gaugins and Von Goghs hanging on the walls—a selection from Mr. Courtauld's magnificent collection of paintings which he is generously leaving behind for the Institute to enjoy.

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'A shilling well spent to-day will go as far as a pound to-morrow' might be taken as the guiding principle of the Contemporary Art Society, an exhibition of whose recent purchases is now on view at Messrs. Arthur Tooth's gallery at 155 New Bond Street. The Society's aim is to acquire the work of living artists and lend them to exhibitions, or give them to galleries. As is pertinently remarked in the report of its work during 1931-32, 'had such a policy of this discerning mind been observed by those in authority during the last half of the nineteenth century, our museums to-day would be rich in masterpieces whose presence in them at all is due to the subsequent energy and generosity of private benefactors'. As it is now, any gallery that supports the Society with £5 a year or over gets from it pictures and sculpture up to many times the value of its subscription; and in this way works by nearly all our foremost artists have been diffused over the country—perhaps the most notable gifts being those to the Tate which include, in the last year or two, Dobson's 'Truth', two paintings by Bonnard and one by Christopher Wood, Gaudier's 'Red Sandstone Dancer' and several of his drawings. The proof of the Society's policy, of course, depends entirely on the works acquired. Here it has, we think, been wise in ruling that one member of the Committee is to act as buyer for twelve months, with power to spend three-quarters of the year's income on pictures of his own choosing—a welcome recognition that buying a picture is a matter of individual taste and not of a committee with its bargainings and compromises. That all sorts of likings are represented in the Society is shown by the present exhibition, where may be seen works by Lavery, John, Duncan Grant, Frances Hodgkins, Wyndham Lewis, Edward Wadsworth, William Roberts, Barnett Freedman, Mark Gertler, Davy Jones, the Nashes and the Spencers—names representative of many different tendencies in modern painting. In another gallery are shown other works by contemporary artists, not yet acquired by the Society—a gentle hint to the visitor that by joining it he may help to purchase them or others like them, and at small cost to himself (the Society's minimum subscription is a guinea) become a patron of the arts.

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Since the provision of 20,720 wireless sets by the British 'Wireless for the Blind' Fund, there has followed the publication in Braille of various literature connected with broadcasting, and the formation of listening groups especially for blind people. About a dozen such groups met regularly during the past winter, and the National Library for the Blind in Manchester translated into Braille the B.B.C. pamphlet on 'Wireless Discussion Groups' and the pamphlet issued in connection with the talks on 'The Modern State'. Now, with the appearance of the Annual Report of the National Institute for the Blind comes more information. The *Radio Times*, which is among the journals regularly published for the blind, has increased its Braille circulation by nearly 300 copies weekly. Professor Edward Jenks' pamphlet on the present series of talks, 'The Law of the Land', has also been issued in a Braille edition, and it is proposed to transcribe into Braille all future pamphlets prepared by the B.B.C. in connection with broadcasts to schools; while, says the Report, 'the growing interest of the blind in wireless' is shown by 'the many requests for a Braille edition of the B.B.C. journal, THE LISTENER. Financial stringency prevents the adoption of this proposal at present, but the Braille LISTENER must be considered almost a certainty of the future'. During the year, 897 Braille volumes were produced for the Students' Library, bringing the total number of volumes available to over 7,000. The Library is apparently being more and more used by blind students, 692 more books having been despatched during 1931-32 than in the previous year. The Braille System of Music Notation has been perfected only recently, and the year's work made it possible to add more than 350 musical works to the Braille Catalogue. The training of the blind for useful employment; the provision of 'Sunshine Homes' for Blind Babies; the designing of a barometer which can be read by touch; the achievement of Mr. A. L. Naish, who has become the first blind Director of Music of Durham University—all these and much other interesting work is dealt with in the Report. The National Institute for the Blind states that though, owing to the financial depression, individual amounts subscribed towards the maintenance of its activities were smaller than usual, the number of people subscribing has increased, so that in spite of the difficult times the work of the Institute has been maintained and extended.

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The début of Radio-Nations, the new broadcasting station of the League of Nations at Geneva, on Sunday, September 25, was disappointing to those English listeners who had a hope that they would be able easily to tune in to the inaugural addresses given by Sir Eric Drummond and Mr. Vernon Bartlett. This programme, however, being transmitted on a short wavelength of 40.3 metres, was not primarily intended for European listeners, but for extra-European reception. But in due course it is intended that a suitable wavelength for European reception will be chosen and Sunday programmes for European listeners provided. For the present, we are told, programmes on the short wavelengths are to be devoted to the answering of questions by listeners and others on the activities of the League of Nations, so that the station will serve the purpose of a kind of wireless information bureau upon this subject.

POLITICS AT THE MICROPHONE

The following are verbatim reports of the four political broadcast addresses delivered last week in connexion with the recent resignations of Cabinet Ministers

I—Viscount Snowden

A YEAR ago I sat before the microphone and appealed to you to support the National Government. I think it is due to those who were good enough to listen to me then, and especially to those who were perhaps influenced by what I said, to say why I have left the Government. I should not have ventured to give this short talk to-night for reasons other than those I have just stated, for I cannot speak to you as the representative of a party. I have no party. I am just a plain citizen, who is still interested in politics and in the good government of the country. But as one who has had a long and intimate acquaintance with the inside of politics, and in particular with the work of the National Government, what I have to say to you may be helpful in clearing away some of the difficulty you feel in understanding the meaning of what has happened this week.

I have altered none of the views I expressed to you last year about the necessity of a National Government in a time of national crisis. But a National Government must be a non-party Government, and the parties which constitute it must put aside matters of keen party controversy, and not use the National Government to serve party ends. It was on this basis that the National Government was formed. I am not going to trouble you with a lot of quotations from party leaders' speeches and declarations. It will not be disputed that electors of all parties voted at the General Election for National Government candidates on the understanding that the National Government would confine its activities to dealing with the financial crisis which then existed. Millions of electors who voted for National candidates would not have done so had they thought that matters of purely party policy would not be postponed, or that a great Conservative majority, gained on the pledge of such postponement, would use its power to carry out a Conservative programme, and one which has always been rejected by the country when it has been voted upon as a definite issue.

In the broadcast talk I gave on the eve of the election, I said that the question of Free Trade or Protection was not the issue. If it were, I said, I should be on the side of Free Trade. And I added that, if the Conservatives gained a majority, I did not think they would consider themselves justified in introducing a general scheme of Protection. Speaking a few days later, Mr. Baldwin said I had stated the case in regard to the fiscal question quite fairly and accurately. My first and main reason for withdrawing from the Government, then, is that the pledges on which I joined it have been broken. The Government has used its power to carry out a party programme which it knows is opposed by a very large section of the electorate, probably a majority, judging by the results of every election in which it has been the main issue.

But you may ask: 'Why have you and your friends resigned *now*? The Government has been carrying out its Protectionist policy for the last six or eight months. Why didn't you resign before?' I will answer that question. In my letter of resignation, which appeared in the Press yesterday, but which probably few of you have read, I dealt with this point. It is no secret now that, when the Cabinet decided to put before Parliament the scheme of general Protection, the Free Trade members offered their resignations, saying that in no circumstances would they support it. We were strongly pressed not to resign, and the notorious 'agreement to differ' was offered to us to induce us to remain. We reluctantly agreed to this arrangement, and have used our freedom to oppose Protectionist measures inside and outside Parliament.

At that time the specific work for which the National Government had been formed had not been completed. We had to wait until April to see if the Budget had, in fact, balanced. The position of sterling was still precarious. Now, these reasons, which then influenced us in January, no longer exist. Since February, when the Protectionist scheme was passed, we have had dose upon dose of further tariffs. Those who imposed these duties told us that they were intended to be used as a bargaining weapon to induce foreign countries to lower their tariffs against us. Everything was to come right at the Ottawa Conference and the World Economic Conference, which was to follow. So we waited for Ottawa. And now we have got the results of that Conference for which we waited.

I fully realise that the British Delegation had a very difficult task at Ottawa. They had to deal with Dominions which are highly Protectionist, and which are determined to maintain their tariffs at such a high figure as will protect their own industries against British as well as foreign imports. From this position the Dominion delegates refused to move.

The more important of the agreements which the British delegates accepted have not yet been published, and I am therefore precluded from dealing with them at this time; but I may say this, that when they are published, they will expose the hollowness of the claim that this country has gained any substantial reductions of the Dominion tariffs against this country. Reductions there have been, but in these cases the tariff still remains at a figure which is prohibitive against British imports. It will be seen that after the reductions, the Dominion tariffs on British goods are still, in many cases, much higher than the duties imposed by foreign countries on similar goods. It is easy to make a show of reducing tariffs when they are at present as high as 400 per cent. on British goods, which is the rate of duty which is now imposed on some British goods by the Dominions.

But we know enough from the agreements which have already been published to realise that the British delegates have made a very bad bargain. We have gained practically nothing; and we have given away a very great deal. We have agreed to give the Dominions a free market here. We have agreed to impose new food taxes and to increase the existing duties on food of practically every sort imported from abroad —a source from which we must still derive our greatest supplies. We have bound ourselves to maintain these tariffs for a number of years certain. This is the most serious feature of these agreements, because it takes away from us the freedom to negotiate with foreign countries for the reduction of their tariffs against us. On the contrary, it will drive foreign countries to raise their tariffs against us, and this has already happened in a large number of cases. We have undertaken, at the dictation of Canada, to denounce our trade agreement with Russia; and in order to implement the agreement to restrict the importation of foreign meat we shall have to denounce other advantageous agreements we have made with foreign countries. The denunciation of these agreements must inevitably lead to a large loss of foreign trade: with the resultant increase in unemployment. In fact, the great increase in unemployment—over 300,000 since we imposed tariffs—is, in the main, due to that cause.

We waited the results of the Ottawa Conference because we had a pledge from the British delegates that they would do nothing to restrict our freedom to reduce or remove our tariffs, if we could get reciprocal advantages from foreign countries. That freedom has been sacrificed at the dictation of the Dominions.

This country will now enter the forthcoming World Economic Conference with its hands tied by these agreements to maintain existing tariffs. We have nothing to offer foreign countries. And any hope that anything will be done to mitigate the curse of world tariffs must be abandoned—thanks to the action of the British delegates in submitting to the dictation of the Dominions. This question of tariffs is the most important problem in the world to-day. It is universally admitted that tariffs are the main cause of world trade depression. Tariffs are strangling international trade, keeping millions out of employment, reducing the purchasing power of nations and breeding international hate. At a time when Britain might have given a lead to the world towards the removal of this cause of world depression, we have adopted a policy which has gravely aggravated the difficulties. The Free Trade members could not remain in a Government which was pursuing a policy like this. We remained till now in the hope that the Ottawa Conference and the World Economic Conference would take some definite steps towards greater freedom of trade throughout the world. The Ottawa agreements have banged, bolted and barred the door against any such hope.

I may now summarise the reasons why we have left the Government. We have left it because it has ceased to be a National Government. It has become a Party Government, pursuing a party policy. And that party policy is leading the country deeper and deeper into the depths of trade depression. We remained in the Government until it had done the work for which it came into existence. We could not remain in it when it put a party programme before the national interests. Appeals have been made to us to sacrifice our convictions to maintain national unity. There can be no national unity when one section of the Government is determined to pursue its own partisan interests. As I said in my letter of resignation, it is not the Free Traders but the Protectionists who have broken up the National Government.

Had the Government remained loyal to its early pledges and remained truly national, I should have been in it now. But I cannot, even by implication, be thought to be in agreement with a policy which I am convinced is doing grave injury to our trade and which, if continued, is certain to bring upon us complete disaster.

II—The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.

I HAVE listened with very great interest to my friend Lord Snowden when he gave us the reasons that have induced him to leave the Government. I do not propose, and never have proposed, to enter into any disputations with him over the broadcast, but I am going to give you the reasons why I and my friends intend to stick to the Government.

A little over a year ago the ship of state was heading for the rocks. The skipper had to change his course, suddenly, and many of his officers and most of his crew deserted. It was a case of all hands to the pumps, and I signed on with my friends, not for six months or a year; I signed on for the duration, be the weather fair or foul, and I am going to stick to the ship, whether it goes to the bottom or gets into port, and I think the latter end is a good deal more likely.

Now, people are very apt to forget the General Election, although we have heard some observations about it within the last quarter of an hour. I am, though a Tory, a Democrat: and I have always upheld the doctrine that the will of the people must prevail. I have upheld that doctrine and preached it at more General Elections than I care to recall, and I have to remember that there are something like 500 members of this Parliament who were returned by large majorities with a free hand to take whatever measures the Government might consider necessary to restore national stability and prosperity. Now a great deal has been done, but a great deal remains to do. Public memory is short, and it is not always easy for people to visualise what the position was a year ago, and whereas, as I said, much has been done and many things are better, yet the whole European situation is causing us more anxiety to-day than it was a year ago.

Unemployment, as Lord Snowden truly said, during recent months has grown worse. Now people are impatient naturally —even statesmen sometimes. They expect changes to come quickly. Undoubtedly at the moment we have lost a certain amount of that popularity which naturally attached to us when people thought we could work miracles, and very difficult times are ahead. It is very much pleasanter to be rid of responsibility and to be able to criticise. I am not made that way. The increasing difficulties of the world situation make me more resolved to stick to the team. I know we shall win through, but I always knew that the first two years of the National Government, after the crisis of twelve months ago, would be a testing time, both for the Government and for the nation, not only a testing of its courage, but a testing of its endurance, which is a much more searching thing.

Now with regard to Ottawa, I think it might be well to suspend judgment until the facts are known, until the matter has been debated in the House of Commons; but I would remind you that the agreement was reached, not only by representatives of the British Government, containing members of all parties, but by representatives of the Governments of all the Dominions, and it is a funny thing that the only resignations that have taken place over Ottawa throughout the Empire, so far as I know, are a member of the Australian Government because tariffs have been reduced too much, and three members of the British Government because tariffs have been raised too high. I maintain—and this is not the place to argue it; I have a right to my opinion as Lord Snowden has—that Ottawa has lowered tariffs, that it has introduced in the agreements the principle of reasonable and not prohibitive tariffs, and that a start has been made to take the tariffs in the Dominions out of politics by the establishment of Tariff Boards to work on approximate lines to our own. We have at Ottawa secured lower tariffs, and that from countries who have hitherto, in the main, practised a high protection, and we are starting right away negotiating with other countries. Time alone will show whether what we have done at Ottawa precludes our making agreements with other countries. They evidently do not think so, in their anxiety to do business with us.

As I have said often before, fiscal measures, in my view, are not gospels. They are matters solely of expediency, and we will try them out. But it needs patience, because in these changes you cannot expect to see the results of your work immediately. The conditions of trade, forward contracts, the quantities of stocks—these and a dozen other things affect trade and employment. We shall know long before the General Election, as I have often told my friends and my colleagues, we shall know then whether the fiscal policy of the National Government has been a success or not. I am content to await that time. I regret profoundly the decision of our colleagues: but there is no crisis. There never has been. I have no time to indulge in criticism or recrimination. I don't feel any desire to, and I feel no bitterness at all at what has happened. I look forward. Undoubtedly their departure may make our work a little more difficult in the House of Commons. It will make it more difficult in the constituencies. It may be that it will weaken the solidity of the forces that we want to fight that crude form of Socialism which is being advocated by those who at present lead the Socialist Party. But our team—our Government—is solid and united. We have confidence one in another, and we shall continue our hard struggle—for hard struggle it is; we are going through very difficult times—we shall continue it with increased resolve and determination to see the job through. And my message to you is this: Give us still your confidence. Realise that we are trying to carry out as best we can in most difficult circumstances the mandate with which we were entrusted a year ago. It makes our work lighter if we feel that we have your confidence and your good wishes, and while I ask you to continue your trust in us, I would ask you to extend to us this wish: say to us, 'Although some of your friends have left you and fallen out, carry on, and all good luck be with you'.

III—The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, M.P.

ON this date last year we were approaching a General Election. The nation was alarmed and had reason to be alarmed about its financial situation. It was profoundly disturbed also by the long trade depression and the continued great volume of unemployment. It sent to power by an unprecedented majority a Parliament and a Government charged, in the first instance, with the duty of balancing the Budget, restoring the national credit, making the pound sterling safe. This has been done. The success of the conversion scheme completed yesterday is one of the proofs. I do not think so poorly of the work of the National Government as some of its members appear to do, who would have us believe that the crisis is as great to-day as it was a year ago. It is not. The second duty with which the Government was charged was explained by Mr. Baldwin in his broadcast talk yesterday, when he said that a free hand had been given to the Government to do what they thought necessary to restore prosperity. The country then, I am sure, expected that a careful enquiry would be made into all these matters relating to the depression, to tariffs and to other allied subjects and that an agreed national policy would be formulated and accepted by men of different views in the Cabinet, and that it would command the general assent of the country. Some electors put more faith in the Conservative leaders, some in the Prime Minister, some in Lord Snowden or my Liberal colleagues and myself, but they were all inclined to trust our combined judgment. No such careful enquiry was ever held. No such effort to frame a truly National policy was ever made. As Lord Snowden said yesterday, straightway, step by step, one stage after another, the whole protectionist policy of the Conservative Party as declared by their leaders one and a half years ago and two years ago, has been carried relentlessly into effect with the weak acquiescence of other elements in the Government.

Why then, we may be asked, did we not resign long ago? We did. We resigned eight months ago on January 22, but we were strongly urged to withdraw those resignations. It was impressed upon us, and with truth, that at that time the finances of the country were not yet secure, the pound was not yet stable, the war-loan conversion was still in the future, Indian policy was not yet finally agreed. We accepted the force of these and similar arguments and we withdrew our resignations on the condition that we should have the right to make it quite clear in Parliament and in the country that we had no share in the responsibility for measures which we believed would make conditions worse and not better.

Since then the position has been somewhat uneasy for all of us and confusing to the country. The National Government during the last eight months has been rather like a wireless set, slightly out of order, which you cannot stop from giving two different programmes at the same time. The arrangement continued only because of the seriousness of the step of changing the character of the Government through the resignations of one section and making it wholly, or almost wholly, a Government of one party. At that time I defended our action in remaining members of the Government, but I added these words: 'Such a step—our resignations and changing the character of the administration—such a step might become unavoidable in spite of all its disadvantages if some further division were to arise in the Cabinet on a matter of large and permanent importance'.

I used those words in the early part of this year. That has now happened. Ottawa has created a fresh situation. We can go on no longer. But the question is being asked, if we object so strongly to the Ottawa policy, why did we not resign before the Conference was held and before our delegates left? Possibly Sir John Simon, when he speaks in a few minutes from now, will ask that question. In case he should do so, I will answer him in advance. Suppose we had resigned then. What would have been

said by him and by others? They would have asked us 'How do you know what the outcome of Ottawa will be? Perhaps it may result in sweeping reductions of tariffs throughout the Empire, measures which all of us will be able to accept or propose'. On the other hand, the Ottawa Conference might have resulted in no agreement, as happened at the Conference of 1930, owing to the refusal of the Dominions to make concessions which anyone would regard as adequate, and we should have been asked 'How can you bring yourselves to break up the National Government gratuitously merely on a speculation as to what the future might bring from a Conference not yet held?' If we had resigned then our action would have been received and would have deserved widespread condemnation. That is the reason. That is our answer to that question, and it is absurd to pretend that these agreements do anything but free trade from restrictions. Some reductions there will be in the enormous tariffs which Canada and Australia piled up on goods from the United Kingdom in recent years. That will be necessary in any case. The peoples of those countries are realising now the great injury that they have done to themselves by their tariffs. Some reduction, it is true, will be effected in India and elsewhere, but, on the other hand, there is to be established an immense range of customs duties on goods imported into the United Kingdom. New duties are imposed, existing duties are increased; even worse, many are to be made irreducible by the Imperial Government for a period of five years without the consent of the Governments of the Dominions concerned. That may sound incredible but it is true.

I will give one example among many. There is now a ten per cent. duty on foreign potatoes. I am not speaking of early potatoes but of the ordinary normal potatoes. If a shortage should take place in a potato crop one year and if the cost of living were to be rising and our Government and Parliament thought that that ten per cent. duty on potatoes should be removed, once the Ottawa agreements were signed and ratified that would be impossible without the consent of the Government of Southern Rhodesia, which is apparently interested in the export of some small quantity of potatoes. There are similar provisions requiring the consent of the various Dominions relating to duties on flour, barley, tinned salmon, tinned meats and important raw materials such as leather, tallow, zinc, lead and many others. On all these matters the British Parliament is to surrender the final control to Dominion Governments. Apart from that there are to be imposed considerable duties on butter, cheese, eggs, maize, besides the 2s. duty on foreign wheat, subject to qualifications which no one can understand, and formidable restrictions on the supplies of meat, the effect of which anyone can estimate. And what in exchange? Some reductions on duties on our goods there will be, but hedged round most of them conditions and qualifications which will largely rob them of their effect.

The Dominion markets, it is true, are of great importance to us. Their white population buy much more per head than any foreign peoples buy. But those populations of the Dominions, including the Irish Free State, only number 22 millions of people. The populations of the foreign countries whose trade with us will be hampered is not 22 millions but 1,500 millions. The Ottawa agreements in our view are thoroughly bad. They will not promote the unity and harmony of the Empire. This process of hard bargaining, as Mr. Amery calls it, cannot fail to impair that unity and harmony. For our part we will not participate or acquiesce in any form or degree in carrying these proposals into effect. We are conforming, in our view, to our most eminent economists, such as Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Walter Layton, and by the approval of our action which has been expressed by such prudent statesmen as Lord Grey, Lord Crewe and Lord Reading.

We withdrew from the Government with much regret, for each of us was keenly interested in the work which we have had in hand and we agree with our former colleagues in almost all other matters than these. We shall, of course, support the Government in carrying into effect the policies for which we have been jointly responsible, but the ratification of these agreements by Parliament we shall strongly oppose, and we shall call upon all those throughout the country who share our view to give us their active support.

I sit here, in this little room in Broadcasting House in London and I am speaking to hundreds of thousands, possibly millions of people, all of whom are indirectly concerned, very many directly concerned, in these measures. There will be coal-miners listening and their families—one of the largest and most valuable sections of our population. You miners bear the brunt of tariff wars more than anyone. When other countries impose duties on our goods in return it is British coal which suffers first and British miners who lose their work. You cotton workers of Lancashire—you will gain nothing appreciable by these agreements in the markets of India or of the Dominions, and indirectly you may lose much. You manufacturers and workers in a hundred other trades—you may gain something, it is true, here and there, but you will pay heavily on balance in the restrictions on world trade and sometimes in the taxes on your raw material. You ship-builders and dock-workers and sailors—this will not help us to restore to activity the hundreds of thousands of tons of British shipping now lying idle in our harbours and estuaries. You farmers and agricultural workers—free imports to continue from the Dominions may affect you no less than the foreign imports. You housewives, shopkeepers, members of co-operative societies—you will realise that when world prices begin to rise these restrictions will quicken and heighten the rise. The cost of living will go up, and when the prices of articles rise fewer can be bought and fewer can be sold.

And you unemployed who have borne so much hardship for so long a time with so much patience—will this bring you back to work? Since the tariffs were set up the numbers of the unemployed have increased by 300,000. Intensify the tariffs further and you will further intensify unemployment. It is time that the real voice of the nation was heard, and what the nation desires, Parliament must do.

IV—The Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, M.P.

I HAVE listened most attentively to Sir Herbert Samuel, and now it is my turn at the microphone. Even if I had been under any temptation to interrupt my right honourable friend while he was speaking, I could not have done so, because, down to this moment, Sir John Reith has prudently shut me up in an adjoining room in the palatial premises of Broadcasting House.

Sir Herbert Samuel and I are old friends, and political comrades. We have both had long attachments to British Liberalism. We have been colleagues in more than one administration. As I take an entirely different view from him on this present occasion, I should like to begin by saying how sincerely I regret the withdrawal of himself and all that section of Liberals which he represents. And now I am going to state to you the reasons why I, and I believe most of those who were elected to this House of Commons as Liberals, consider that instead of disclaiming responsibility at this most difficult time, we should stand by and support the Government and the Prime Minister, and do all that we can to preserve the national character of the administration.

The first reason is this. We must, in times like these, take a wide and comprehensive view, and not treat the fiscal issue as though it were the only matter with which a National Cabinet is concerned. Particularly is this the case when those who dissociate themselves from a tariff policy have full liberty to make their position plain. That is exactly the ground upon which the famous 'agreement to differ' was justified, and in saying this I am saying exactly what was said, after the 'agreement to differ' was reached, by Sir Herbert Samuel himself. If he happens to be listening to me now, he will recognise his own words, spoken at Edinburgh last February. I will repeat them to you. He said, 'Referring to the tariff issue, those who are charged with the immense responsibility of sharing in the government of a great country and Empire at times such as these must take a wide and comprehensive view, and not consider one issue only of domestic politics'. I think that is a true principle, and I will show you in a few moments why I think that principle applies now.

The second reason is this. The Government of this country is faced at the present time, at the present hour, with as large a collection of vital issues to be handled and solved as have ever presented themselves in the long history of British statesmanship, and, on all these, except tariffs, the Cabinet has remained agreed.

India—We are closely engaged at this very time in considering how to deal, not only in principle, but in detail, with the vast Indian constitutional problem, and only those who have devoted the whole of their minds to its study can have any true conception either of its difficulty or of its importance. I most deeply deplore the withdrawals from the ranks at this, its most critical stage.

Ireland—Does anybody suppose that an exodus of all the Liberals from the Government would be a contribution towards reconciliation and good feeling between us and the Irish Free State? For my part, I would stay in the Government to-day for that reason alone.

Reparations—The Prime Minister at Lausanne gave a lead to the world in the way in which to cure one of the sores of Europe. But the healing operation is not over. The success of Lausanne is still in the balance, and I feel that the Prime Minister is entitled to have from us all the backing which comes from a willingness to share his responsibilities.

Disarmament—There is no difference of opinion in the Government on this issue. We are doing everything in our power to help disarmament forward, to reconcile the conflicting views, and to promote European appeasement. Sir Herbert Samuel has been my good colleague at Geneva, and I am glad to be able to say that he has, throughout, supported, and still

supports, the Government's policy on disarmament, for on that subject, as on all the others I have mentioned, my right honourable friend is of one mind with the rest of us.

I can easily extend the list, for there has been no difference of substantial importance on any matter between any of us, except on the one matter of fiscal policy, and now I am going to quote. Speaking at the National Liberal Club on April 26, that is to say, after the passing of the Import and Duties Act, and the issue of the principal order imposing additional duties, Sir Herbert Samuel gave a reason for remaining in the Government then which appears to me to apply with at least equal force now. This is what he said. 'So long as we are substantially of one mind on matters relating to India, Ireland, disarmament, reparations, currency, and so long as we have freedom to express our position by speech and vote about the fiscal policy on which we disagree, in our view there is no present justification for that course'—that is to say, for leaving the Cabinet. Now, what has happened since this declaration was made, which, in the view of the retiring Ministers, makes all the difference? The retiring Ministers have made it quite plain, as my friend Sir Herbert Samuel has just now, that the thing which has made all the difference is the outcome of the Ottawa Conference.

Let me use the few remaining minutes to examine this. The arrangement that there should be an Ottawa Conference was made before the present Government ever came into power. In the Prime Minister's manifesto at the General Election, to which, of course, Lord Snowden and Sir Herbert Samuel agreed, it was stated: 'The Government must therefore be free to consider every proposal to help, such as tariffs, expansion of exports and contraction of imports, commercial treaties, mutual economic arrangements with the Dominions'. These last words were a specific reference to the forthcoming Ottawa Conference, so all of us knew, from the beginning, that there was going to be a Conference at Ottawa, and knew that the object of it would be to make mutual economic arrangements with the Dominions. And what has happened? The Cabinet sent seven of its ablest members to Ottawa. They belonged to different parties. They worked very hard—and no one can suggest that others would have worked better—and they came back all of one mind. The delegation, besides its Conservative members, included Mr. Runciman, who knows the theory and practice of free trade as well as any man alive, and Mr. Thomas, with his long and intimate knowledge of the needs and claims of the industrial workers. But what did the Cabinet send these seven men to Ottawa to do? Surely the object was to negotiate and settle agreements with the different Dominions for Imperial trade and mutual fiscal concessions.

Yet the letter of resignation which the late Home Secretary and the others have just drawn up declares that in their view the whole policy of bargaining on trade matters between Governments of the different parts of the Empire is wrong. That really amounts to saying that their objection is not merely to the outcome of the Ottawa Conference, but to the fact that an Ottawa Conference took place at all, or, at any rate, to the fact that it did not break down and end in disagreement. I cannot take that view at all. Ask yourselves what the result might have been if the Ottawa negotiations had broken down, and you will see at once how grateful we should be to the men who worked so hard and so successfully to bring about an agreement.

It is no good describing a Government of all parties as a National Government as long as it sticks to free trade, and denouncing it as a Party Government because it finds it necessary to adopt a system of tariffs. That decision is taken, and it is far better that it should be taken by a Government which draws its support from all sides than by an administration formed from a single party.

Now, as regards the merits of the Ottawa agreements, I would strongly advise you to 'wait and see'. We are under a promise to the Dominion Governments not to disclose the details of the concessions we have obtained from them until the middle of October, because, if they were prematurely made known, Dominion Customs would suffer. But quite enough is known to show you how exaggerated is the view which would condemn the whole result of the Ottawa Conference out of hand. I make the assertion now, that the net result of the Ottawa agreements will be found to be a lowering of tariffs and the creation of freer conditions of trade.

Mr. Runciman, who was a party to the whole proceedings, has told us that from the first the United Kingdom delegation was working in the direction of freer trade. He has told us that they have obtained a reduction of Dominion tariffs on certain articles, and the allocation of many others to the free list, and that, for the first time, we have succeeded in negotiating with the Indian representatives preferential terms in India which should lead to a substantial increase in our market there. With that vast market, instead of objecting to tariff arrangements with the Dominions, which are fixed for a term of years, we ought, I think, to welcome this feature, for it is the best of all ways to get rid of the danger of perpetual log-rolling and lobbying. If Empire tariffs can be taken out of politics and if Dominion tariffs are based on reasonable instead of unreasonable prohibition, then these are features in which Ottawa has given a real, constructive lead to the World Economic Conference.

As regards the criticism that it has made it impossible for us to negotiate tariff agreements with foreign countries, that is not correct. At Ottawa we have begun the task. We mean to extend the process as far as possible. We are free, now, to negotiate with foreign countries by freer conditions of trade over a wide range of commodities, including the whole range of manufactured articles, and, in fact, in the case of some foreign countries, negotiations to that end have begun.

The retiring Ministers claim their release on another ground on which I must say a final word. They have, throughout, made known their objection to tariffs, but when they joined the Government a year ago they felt that the national emergency was so grave that we must all act together in trying to get the country out of its difficulties. Now, they say, the Budget has been balanced, the pound has been stabilised. In these circumstances, they claim their release. But can we really accept the view that the country is already so far delivered from the difficulties and dangers of the times that the reasons which made the National Government imperative no longer apply? I do not wish to be an alarmist, but I cannot possibly subscribe to this view. We have worked together to save the ship from sinking, and have stopped some of the leaks which might have sent us to the bottom, but no one that has any inside knowledge can doubt that we are still fighting our way in the teeth of the gale, and that there is difficult weather ahead this winter. The chief problems with which we are confronted are of an international character, the tension in Europe, the problem of war debts, the world economic crisis, world-wide unemployment, disarmament—these things call for unity. To quote Sir Herbert Samuel once again, 'There are grave questions facing the world. In a shifting and swaying Europe, the political unity in Britain helps to give stability'. Many Continental statesmen have said to my colleagues and myself that the British political unity gives a wide sense of security.

Now my time is up. I have put before you reasons which seem to me overwhelming why the National Government should be preserved and supported, and why those, like myself, who have been called to share its responsibilities, should not abandon the Prime Minister in the midst of his heavy work. We are not going to do so. Within three days he has filled up the vacant places, and after the excitement of this week we are all ready to go on with our task. I believe that is the overwhelming desire of the country now, just as it was at the General Election. Unity, courage and determination will help on world recovery, and will pull the country through.

To invite people to answer the question 'From what did you suffer most at school?' is really asking for trouble, for everybody with a grievance will jump at the chance of getting his own back. The Swiss educational journal that had the courage to issue this challenge promptly lost 400 subscribers: the teachers not unnaturally resented the procedure. But from the replies Dr. Schohaus, Director of the Kreuzlingen Training College, was able to select 78 which he judged worth publication; these, with an introduction on 'What is wrong with our schools?' make up *The Dark Places of Education* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.). As might be expected, the reports come mostly from those who appear to have been misfits at school; they speak again and again of favouritism, brutality, and incompetence on the part of teachers, of the boredom and mass production methods of the schools. No doubt these stories could be matched in England or any other country, for there are plenty of inefficient and unsympathetic teachers everywhere; that is inevitable so long as teaching is looked on as an inferior profession. The chief remedies suggested by Dr. Schohaus are a more careful selection of teachers, higher salaries, and smaller classes—none of which is likely to be introduced in England at present. The book would make salutary reading for two kinds of people at least, for those who advocate indiscriminate economy in education, and for teachers who have not become too set in their ways. The former might reflect on such remarks as these: 'We are obliged to recognise the fact that schools are as good or as bad as the teachers who work in them', and 'The most elementary, the most obvious condition which the school should achieve, is that the children will want to go there'. Teachers will find awful warnings of the harm done by injustice, snobbery, sarcasm, excessive homework, and other familiar follies of the schoolroom. There is a valuable chapter on the danger of allowing an organisation to dominate one: what is really a means often tends to become an end. Thus a school should prepare its pupils, who are all different, for life, which is many-sided; yet schools too often force all children into one particular mould, and brand them as failures if they do not conform. The present reorganisation of adolescent education in England is an attempt to create more elasticity, and if allowed to proceed will alleviate many of the ills that Dr. Schohaus mentions in his diagnosis. The book was well worth republishing in translation, but it is a pity that the work was not better done: the words are English, but the idiom is German throughout; consequently what should be a most interesting book is a constant annoyance to the reader.

Acts and Hours

A Romantic Revival

By CHARLES FALKLAND

THE famous *Bataille d'Hernani*, which marked the emergence of Victor Hugo as a dramatist, was fought on the stage and in the auditorium of the Comédie Française on February 25, 1830. It was by no means the first shot in the war of the Parisian Romantics against Classicism, nor, in its effects, was it the most important, for 'Hernani' is now but a museum-piece in the repertory of the Française and the romantic impulse had less enduring consequences in the theatre than in studios and libraries. But the production of Hugo's play was the most spectacular battle of the artistic revolution, and, in reading of it, we may learn to understand much that was to follow.

Mr. Philip Carr* retells the story admirably—how Victor Hugo, knowing that uproar was certain and meaning to profit by it, organised the Romantic forces. The regular *claque* was not to be trusted; their sympathies were with the old classical régime; and the dramatist marched into the theatre, long before the performance began, a friendly battalion recruited in the studios, and posted them. They wore their badges of revolt—Eugène Deveria his great hat and cloak, Théophile Gautier his flaming 'waistcoat'; and 'Berlioz, most enthusiastic of partisans, was prominent in the parterre with his great head of bronze-coloured hair'. Balzac and de Vigny were in the throng which, when the play's opening line was received with a volley of hatred by the Classicists, replied instantly with vigorous counter-bombardment. Hugo's triumph was a very famous victory, and Mr. Carr crowns his narrative of it with an apt quotation that stirs our modern hearts more than the victory itself. 'Happy days', wrote Gautier thirty-seven years later, 'when the things of the intelligence and the imagination could stir crowds to such excitement!'

This thought of Gautier's was with me while I read each page of this volume. There are passages in which Mr. Carr staggers a little under the burden of knowledge. There is, for example, a chapter in which we set out in the company of young Delacroix to visit the Salon of 1824. As we and he and the author go along the streets, Mr. Carr is for ever plucking at our sleeve to show us the historical sights. Not a stone but suggests a disquisition to him; not an alley or gateway but tempts him to divagate; not a house appears that does not persuade him to tell us what building preceded it on the site, what other building has now replaced it, and who lived and died in all of them—with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. There are corresponding delays when we are invited to a modest supper at Nodier's and are impatient to discover the charm of Marie Nodier, praised by so much genius, and to hear Lamartine read his verses.

> The cloth was already laid in Charles Nodier's dining-room, for the guests would soon be arriving, and by six o'clock they would be at table.

Is not that a pretty opening to a chapter? I leaned back and waited for the curtain to go up, the drama to begin. But still, after four pages, I had reached no further than a beginning of the history of Nodier's residence:

> The Arsenal, of which only a part remains, had originally been built by Henri IV for his great Minister, Sully . . .

Indeed, indeed, it is very necessary that an author should give us a background to his narrative, but not, I beg, when we have Delacroix to talk to or when the cloth at Nodier's is already on the table! In brief, Mr. Carr has sometimes allowed the form of his book to become a trifle confused. His narrative passages are admirable—the *Bataille d'Hernani*, for instance, and the tale of Balzac's marriage and death. His biographical detail and topographical excursions are admirable, too. Neither is powder; both are jam. But when, having been led by an opening sentence to expect a story, the reader finds that story indefinitely postponed and the actors in it kept off the stage, he is inclined to protest against even valuable information and to cry 'Powder!' where no powder is. One ought not to eat two jams off the same plate.

For all that, the book was to me irresistible. It evoked a period that charms me—a period in which 'the things of the intelligence and the imagination could stir crowds to excitement'—and I asked myself continually as I read whether there was not a certain correspondence, I would not say similarity, between these remote days and our own. We shall not to-day or to-morrow witness a romantic movement in the same kind with that which included de Vigny, de Musset, Chopin and, at last, Baudelaire. When we fight our *Bataille d'Hernani*, the art students will not, as a symbolic act, break the cast of the Vénus de Milo before assembling their battalions; for we have, alas! in the theatre and elsewhere, no classicism against which to revolt, the tendency of our age being to splash on colour, in life and in paint, before it has learnt to draw. History does not repeat its detail, but it does revert to its themes, and the essence of the romantic movement of a hundred years ago was not in a variation of technique but in a change of spirit. Mr. Carr quotes Maurice Barrès as having declared that Sainte Beuve's *Volupté*, de Musset's *Confessions d'un Enfant du siècle*, Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* were the four 'bibles' of romanticism:

> Barrès has said that what makes these four books typical is that each one of them has proclaimed the superiority of love over sensual pleasure. Romanticism, he says, is not debasing. All that can be charged against it is that, while it is not an ignoble stimulant, it is certainly a stimulant, and a stimulant without restraint and without direction.

Without 'restraint'? I have not the French of Barrès and I rely with great confidence on Mr. Carr's translation; but I doubt, nevertheless, whether our word 'restraint' precisely matches the original, for the great romantics were unrestrained only in the sense that they demanded an absolute freedom, in the subject and manner of their art, from the traditions of pseudo-classicism. Unrestraint is a form of vulgarity—not, indeed, the form that it commonly takes, the vulgarity of the mob being rooted in fears and inhibitions—but a form of vulgarity conspicuous among incompetent artists who hope thereby to distinguish themselves from the *bourgeoisie*. And vulgarity, as Bishop Creighton said, 'is an inadequate appreciation of the art of life'—an inadequacy which it was the whole purpose of the Romantics to combat. 'Unrestrained' is not a good word to apply to them, though they were capable of extravagance and even gross sentimentalism in their symbols—their moonlit ruins, their skulls, their elaborate cult of the *macabre*, their strange fashion in tuberculosis.

These badges of revolt we shall certainly not re-adopt, but it does seem probable that a group of artists will emerge from among us to 'proclaim the superiority of love over sensual pleasure'. They will emerge because they have become necessary and because only through them can art be linked again with the sentiment and aspiration of the people. Our existing *côteries*, who call themselves modern but will in a few years be more out-of-date than bamboo furniture and the Yellow Book, have ever since the War plied a thriving trade in disillusionment, negation and despair. Mr. Coward is their representative; his love-scenes are all rooted in the idea that love, as distinguished from sensual pleasure, is an unfashionable affectation—no more. It is true that he goes much further than the pseudo-classicists of a hundred years ago; for they at any rate found value in sensual pleasure, while his characters, though they indulge in it, do so in the same spirit in which they dance—a spirit of desperate melancholy. Negation has been a watchword too long, in life, in art, in morals. A revolt against it is certain, for negation is death, and a romantic revival will be forced upon the world by its own instinct for self-preservation. Civilisation takes its colour, in each successive age, from its view of love, and a twentieth-century Lamartine has long been overdue.

**Days with the French Romantics in the Paris of 1830.* By Philip Carr. Methuen. 15s. net

This view of the lonely desert trail in Arizona illustrates, by comparison with the succeeding pictures, the striking contrasts of landscape and ways of life that are embraced within the far-flung borders of the United States

Our Neighbours—I

The American Scene in 1932

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

America is the first of our neighbours to be described in this new series; and in four talks Mr. Ratcliffe—journalist, traveller and broadcaster, will aim at presenting a picture of the United States to-day, and at tracing in its history the forces which have helped to mould the present America

THIS is presidential year in America. The citizens of the United States always elect their President in November of leap year. Here is one of the few unvarying events in the political world. The election of 1932 could not fail to be important to the United States and the world, because it involves a national judgment upon the government of Mr. Hoover, who has had to direct the affairs of the Republic in most difficult times. The election will not be what we should call a political conflict. In these days the American people are not much concerned with party politics; I think also they are a good deal less interested in political leaders and big political issues than in the past. They have other and more urgent things to think about. Their country is undergoing an experience which, ten years ago, or five years ago, very nearly all Americans would have said was impossible. They have met the full force of the economic blizzard which has been sweeping over the whole world. It struck the United States in the autumn of 1929, at the end of a spell of the wildest speculation, and in the intervening three years there has been no sign of recovery. On the contrary, while 1931 was worse than 1930, the facts of 1932 are still more serious. We see industrial stagnation, bad trade, and increasing unemployment, so that the American people and their government know as they face the winter that the worst is not yet over.

A primitive homestead in New Mexico

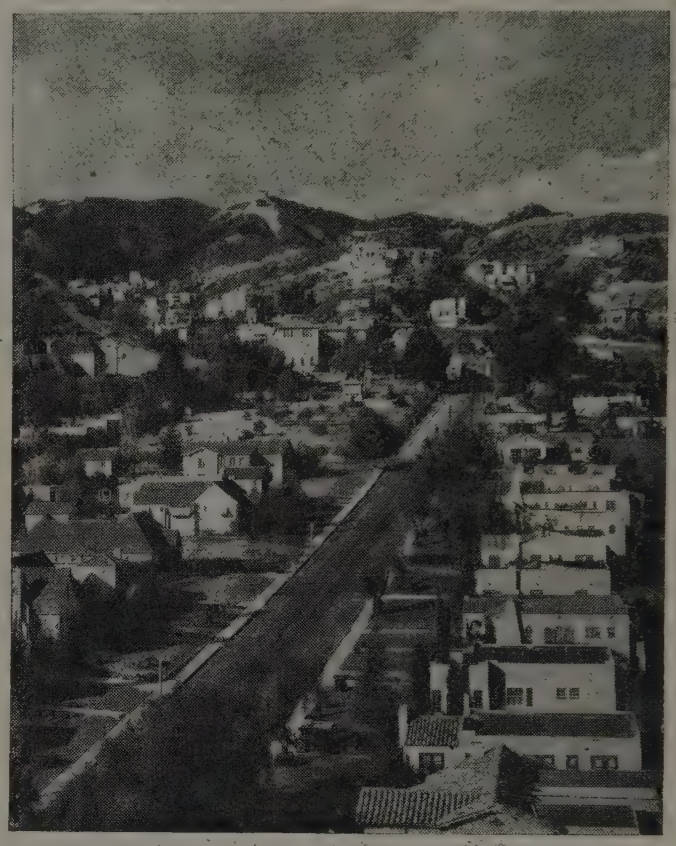
But what about the great spell of American prosperity of which we heard so much? Well, that was real and wonderful enough. As in all other countries, there was a slump after the War, but in the United States it did not last long. In 1922 the tide of prosperity began to rise and it continued in flood for seven amazing years. One has to say that the plain facts of this period were extraordinary, overwhelming. Industry expanded; the volume of trade was stupendous; money was plentiful, there appeared to be work and pay for all. Not only in the great centres but in the smaller cities and in the towns of the farming States out West business was wonderfully brisk. You felt that there was no need for anybody to be anxious about making a living, and a good living. This was strikingly true of the young men and women. They could get jobs anywhere, and they felt that they might change them as often as they pleased. The land was bursting with plenty, and the air of America was filled with energy and confidence.

But here let me make one important point quite clear. The prosperity of the seven fat years was *not* universal. Great industries such as steel, motor-cars, electrical equipment, building, were flourishing in marvellous fashion; and wages in some of these trades were on a scale that the British trade unionist could hardly imagine. But it was not like this everywhere. The coal industry, for example, was in chaos, and the minefields were sometimes like fields of battle. Industries—wool, cotton

and silk—were in constant distress. Their wage scales were often miserable. The farming population was becoming poor. There was a dark underside to American prosperity, but in itself the prosperity was marvellous.

Now, a country cannot go through a period of great material good fortune without showing some important results of the experience in its public life. America in prosperity displayed changes all round. For instance, good fortune tended to take the reality out of the political parties. The differences between Republicans and Democrats are never clear to outsiders, and prosperity seemed to make an end of the differences for a time. Since Woodrow Wilson, the Presidents have all been of the Republican party, and so the Republicans carried the prosperity label, and prided themselves upon it. The five years of President Coolidge stand out particularly as fat years. Mr. Hoover was elected, in 1928, on the slogan, 'Vote for Hoover and four more years of prosperity'. That sounds like a bitter jest to-day.

I will mention one other result of prosperity conditions. They brought into being a new theory of economics. We need not be at all surprised that the big manufacturers and merchants, doing business on a scale never before known, should think that America had entered upon an unending golden age; should say, and actually believe, that hard times would come again no more. But what about the economic thinkers and professors who, yielding to the glamour of the time, allowed themselves to be persuaded that the boosters were right? America, they said, had made the grandest of all discoveries. It had found the secret of continuous success. There was no reason why good trade should not go on and on. America had struck the road to plenty for all. And, as President Hoover himself said, America was engaged in the conquest of poverty. You can see, therefore, why when the tempest came the whole of America felt a terrific shock. The good times had been so good, and they had brought a standard of comfortable living to so many millions of people, that no one could believe that the slump would last more than a few months. And for a year or more they refused to believe it.



Pleasant middle-class homes in the hills at Los Angeles

The American experience is different from ours mainly in this. We have been enduring hard times for more than ten years. They were plunged from a height of prosperity into the pit of depression within a few months or weeks. Britain is a small and manageable country, with a unified national Government. The United States is a vast continental territory, with forty-eight State Governments, and a population of 120 millions made up of people from all the countries of Europe. We have to remind ourselves that the American national task is of enormous difficulty, far greater than any other, except that of Russia. I particularly do not want to dwell upon the gloomy aspects of the American scene; but as the depression is a great reality, as the Americans themselves have talked about it very frankly, I will give you a few outstanding facts.

The total number of the unemployed in the United States can never be stated with accuracy, as it can be in our country or in Germany. The Government in Washington does not publish complete figures. Many of the State Governments do, but not by any means all of them. What, then, is the probable figure? When I was last in America, a few months ago, cautious authorities were saying that there were not less than ten million people out of work. That would be a percentage larger than ours. The President of the American Federation of Labour, Mr. William Green, a moderate man, says that the total this winter will not be less than thirteen millions. It is calculated that there should be in the U.S.A. a total of forty millions of people, as the Census reports say, gainfully employed. Mr. Green's figure—and it is not the highest we have had—means that nearly one-third of the employable population is out of work, making with their dependants a terrifying total of more than thirty millions in need of relief. No one, I think, can say whether this estimate is an overstatement as regards the total number of wage-earners out of work. It may be; but we must always remember that the very large farming population of the South and West was struggling against hard times, and appealing for government aid, even before the great slump in industry. With this body of people in mind, we have to recognise that the estimates of the needy are anything but exaggerated. And there is another important point. Since 1929 there has been a steady decrease in the levels of wages and salaries, so that the earnings of employed persons in the United States make a total enormously less than that of 1928.

Now let us see how America meets this situation. First, of course, by cutting down the standard of living. The States in the prosperous period was the most lavish country in the world. The very rich, as you have learned from the newspapers and the films, lived on a scale of expenditure nowhere equalled in Europe. There were crowds of the well-to-do who could command most of the luxuries. The millions of well-paid industrial and commercial workers enjoyed a standard of living much higher than that of Britain, and approached only by the higher paid workers in the British Dominions. All this is now startlingly changed. The American household has been put under the axe. The careless expenditure on food and clothes, noticed by all visitors from Europe, is far below what it was. The average American in prosperous times thought of his comfort in terms of pleasant things in the home—his electric refrigerator, gramophones, wireless sets, and, of course, the new motor-car. He now economises on all these. The old car must do (it is the last thing to be given up); and his wife and daughter say, as they resist the temptation to buy the new dress or fur coat, 'It's smart to be thrifty'. The clever New York business woman, by the by, who invented this slogan is greatly admired as an interpreter of the national feeling.

But what about unemployment benefit? America, as you know, has no system of national insurance: how does it deal with the enormous task of giving relief to ten or twelve millions out of work? So far this has been done by means of private charity, special funds, relief committees formed by the Mayors, and funds provided by the local and State Governments. The American people have been very generous in these ways. And here is a point which is of special interest to all British people visiting the United States. American people are often not well informed about the methods of relief adopted in their own country. They think of England as a country of the dole, and until their own unemployment became so serious they looked upon the system of public relief with disapproval or fear. Most of them, I am sure, do not know about our national insurance, with the workers' regular contribution; nor, rather strangely, do they know how large a part of the relief in America comes out of public funds—that is, out of taxes. In other words, they have not realised that they have had a dole system without any form of workers' insurance. The present outlook is very serious, because in most of the cities the relief funds are used up and the authorities cannot hope to raise very much by more special appeals. There is no doubt that taxation for relief will have to be increased. Until this year the Federal Government in Washington has not made grants for relief from the national exchequer. President Hoover was dead against it. He held to the view that each city and state must take care of its own unemployed. But this is now changed. Congress voted a large sum (about £400 million sterling) for purposes of relief, and much of this is now being applied. But all thoughtful Americans admit that in a winter of widespread distress it does not go very far.

Now, as you know, our national guides are not at all agreed as to the causes of Britain's economic troubles, so that we cannot be surprised if the American mind seems to be altogether bewildered in the presence of the great depression. But some parts of the explanation are plain enough. America after the war was confident and reckless. The American people

gloried in their plenty. They did not count the cost or think ahead. Privately, and in all public enterprises, they threw away money with both hands. They lived, as a nation, far beyond their means. They had vast reserves of money. And after investing lavishly in American enterprises of every kind—highways, public buildings, business buildings, skyscrapers—they began lending abroad, in vast sums. They made loans especially to Germany and to the South American republics. And masses of that money were lost. The gambling instincts of the people were, during the fat years, greatly stimulated. And in 1928 a fever of speculation swept over the whole country. There was the wildest excitement in the Stock Exchange. Stocks and shares soared to the dizziest heights, and it seemed as though the bulk of the American people were given over to speculation. They will tell you that everybody was in it, that wage-earners of every kind would have their flutter every week or oftener. It was a frenzy, which lasted for the greater part of a year. And it ended in the terrific collapse of October, 1929. Nothing else could have been expected. Nothing else was possible.

The interminable Maize-Fields of the East Central States—an example from Ohio

So far, you will notice, I have spoken only of certain special features of the depression in America. Some may be accidental, and it is possible that all may be temporary. Are there not influences and tendencies at work which are reshaping the economic life of the United States and which we know to be permanent? Of course there are. We are living through yet another industrial revolution. The fourteen years since the end of the War have witnessed a tremendous speeding-up of all mechanical processes, and, as we should expect, it is in America that the technical revolution has gone farthest. In last week's *Radio Times* you may have noticed a group of portraits, six prominent Americans chosen to illustrate this series of talks. In the centre is the most famous manufacturer in the world—Henry Ford. The choice of that portrait, and its place, are surely right. Henry Ford of Detroit is a portent. He is a very quiet and modest man, always dressed with the most careful finish. You could not think of him as a revolutionary force, and yet that is what he has been. He embodies the method of mass production, and he has put into words the idea of mass production and its meaning for mankind, more plainly, and I think more interestingly, than any other great industrialist. Read the two books in which he tells the story of his life and his car, and explains what he has been aiming at ever since as a boy he played with machines, and you will see what I mean when I call him a portent.

Mr. Ford says that as a boy working on the farm he realised the curse of heavy labour, and began to dream of lifting the burden from the shoulders of men and women by the right use of machinery. He saw that nearly all machines were themselves heavy and far too costly. They ought to be made light, so that an ordinary person could use them. They ought to be cheap, so that the wage-earner could buy and use them. To these two simple ideas Mr. Ford added a third—that rapid locomotion by means of a cheap motor-car was a first need of the age. And out of these ideas, with the aid of twenty years' experience, came the Ford philosophy of mass production, a high minimum wage, and a short working week, so planned that the workers themselves might buy and use all the things they make. The Ford theory of wages was not adopted to any extent by the great employers of the United States, but there is plenty of evidence to-day that the idea of a much shorter working week is spreading fast.

The United States possesses the most stupendous industrial equipment. Its power of production—that is, of creating wealth, is unbounded. But material plenty is not wealth; and we can give at least part of the answer to the puzzle. The great motor works, steel mills, furniture and clothing factories, and the rest, can only be kept going so long as there is a great public of consumers, people with money who are prepared to buy and are continually stimulated to buy fresh things, and things of the newest patterns. And here is where the philosophy of plenty has broken down. Mass production came upon America too suddenly. It was new in the experience of humanity. It was marvellous and exciting; but no one knew what it would do to the life of the nation that adopted it—to the manufacturers who built the huge plants, the people who invested their savings in them, and the myriad workers enlisted in the service of a monster which, as yet, we have not begun to control.

Mass production in America is, of course, closely linked with the depression. I have touched upon some of the reasons for the collapse of the home trade. There is the question of foreign markets. Mass production on the American scale demands an expanding market outside the country's own borders for its surplus products. And there, as I need hardly point out, is a crucial fact for the U.S.A. Its colossal industrial expansion came just before the world collapse of prices and the deepening of the world depression, and while its own tariff policy and that of all other important countries was being stiffened in order to keep international trade within the narrowest possible limits. You will easily understand, therefore, why I lay stress upon the economic and mechanical factors in present-day America. They are infinitely more significant than politics, for they touch the vital centres of life for the whole people. The great depression, naturally, cannot be understood apart from them, and we cannot doubt that it is the depression which will decide the American election next month.

The landscape of Industrial America resembles that of Industrial Britain, as this misty view of Pittsburgh coaling wharves suggests *Photographs: E. O. Hoppé*

In the course of a tribute to THE LISTENER, a correspondent tells us that in a recent Civil Service examination, for which 600 candidates sat, the candidate who came first in general knowledge put his success down to the fact that week by week he carefully read THE LISTENER.

Our Debt to the Past—II

The Enduring Quality of Greek Literature

By Professor F. M. CORNFORD

A WEEK ago we were considering Greek political thought. To-day we come to literature, and more particularly, poetry. Poetry does not become out of date, because it is not concerned (as political writing is) with institutions that exist at one time and place and then pass away. Poetry deals with thoughts and feelings and moods that are universal—the common property of men of all times and countries. Week by week, in every church in England, the congregation recites the Hebrew Psalms, all composed before Christianity existed, in days when our ancestors were skin-clad savages emerging from the Stone Age. We recognise that the Jews who sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon gave to certain religious moods an expression in poetry that has never been surpassed. Poetry which has that great quality of universal truth is not superseded by the passage of time.

The Mediæval Spirit of 'Cloistered' Learning, exemplified by monks teaching the globe or copying manuscripts. (From a 13th century French miniature)

Nor is it superseded by other poetry, however great, in more modern languages. That is true of works of art of any sort. Those massive solemn statues of gods and kings in the Egyptian Gallery at the British Museum are very unlike the marble figures of Greek gods which Lord Elgin brought from Athens. The Greek statues are later; but we do not think they are more up to date, or that they embody all that is valuable in the Egyptian statues and something more. If you suggested to the Trustees of the Museum that they might save space by destroying the Egyptian statues and keeping the Greek, and later go on to destroy the Greek and keep only the modern, they would shake their heads. 'No', they would say, 'there is something in those old Egyptian figures which no later artist, working in a different tradition, ever captured or tried to capture'. Each successive tradition had its own vision of truth. That vision was unique; it never becomes obsolete, because truth of that sort does not become obsolete. So it is with Hebrew poetry and Greek and Latin poetry. The best modern hymns are not a complete substitute for the Psalms; and not even the poetry of Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, is a complete substitute for Homer and Sophocles and Virgil.

The Access to Ancient Literature

At this point some of you, I am afraid, are expecting me to say that everyone ought to learn Greek and Latin, or to imply (what I should be too modest to say outright) that scholars who know Greek are necessarily better and wiser men than those who do not. Happily, that is not true. I do think that access to ancient literature, such as can be gained only by knowing the languages, ought to be kept open to boys and girls of every rank of life, who have a natural bent that way and can afford the time. But for those who have not the time, there are other and shorter ways of getting into real touch with the spirit of the old writers.

One way is through translations. I have a friend who could not make out the simplest sentence in Greek or Latin and has read only a few translations. But that friend seems to understand the essential qualities of ancient literature better than some of my learned colleagues. She has insight and imagination; and if you have those faculties, then a glimpse of a very small part is enough to light up the whole, much as a great anatomist can reconstruct a prehistoric animal from the bones of its great toe. And there are two great examples among the English poets—Shakespeare and Keats. Keats, you will remember, wrote a sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's *Homer*'. Keats apparently had not even read through this Elizabethan translation; he had only 'looked into' it. But, for a poet's imagination, that look was enough to open up a new world.

> Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
> That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
> Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
> Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He star'd at the Pacific, and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Shakespeare, again, we are told, had 'small Latin and less Greek', yet he could write 'Julius Cæsar'. He had only to read a translation of a Greek book—Plutarch's *Lives of the Great Greeks and Romans*. There is more of the spirit and atmosphere of Cæsar's Rome in that play than in some full-length histories written by professors.

There is another indirect way by which an English reader can feel the effect of ancient poetry. Many of the greatest English writers have been steeped in that poetry and inspired by it. Their own poetry reflects the light of it, like a looking-glass. The outstanding instance is Milton. Milton is instructive because the two great sources of his inspiration were so very different in character. One was the Bible, as read by an English Puritan in the days of Cromwell. The other was Greek and Latin poetry, as read by a fine scholar. Only a poetic genius with a magical command of language could hold those two elements together and fuse them into a work of art. Even so, it is possible to distinguish one element from the other. Suppose a man who had never seen any colour but yellow. You show him an orange, and tell him that orange is a mixture of yellow and red. He will be able to get some notion of redness, by seeing how it modifies yellow into orange. In the same way you already know the biblical element in Milton's mixture; and you can see how it is combined with the other element—the imagery and spirit of Greek poetry—simple, sensuous, and passionate, as Milton himself said. Other scholar-poets, like Gray and Matthew Arnold, can be used as mirrors. It would be a fascinating study to make out how the same influence, coming from antiquity, is variously reflected in different modern temperaments.

The Renaissance Spirit of 'Outdoor' Enquiry and Scientific Observation, exemplified by this wood engraving of astronomers, attributed to Holbein (16th century)

Why do we want access to ancient poetry? Not only because ancient poetry is unique; but also because modern literature is the child of ancient literature, and to enjoy it fully you need

some notion of the background, and to realise the link of historical connection—the curious story of how ancient literature survived the wreck of the Roman Empire, and came to be, till very lately, the basis of modern education.

The Link Between Ancient and Modern Poetry

When the Western Empire went to pieces, the barbarian invaders from the forests beyond the Rhine and the Danube knew and cared nothing about the ancient civilisation they were overrunning. The Dark Ages were darkest from the sixth century to the reign of Charles the Great, round about A.D. 800. The knowledge of Greek died out in the West almost completely, though educated men (that is to say, ecclesiastics) continued to speak and write a rather debased Latin. The ancient Latin classics were preserved in monastic libraries, especially in the Benedictine houses. St. Benedict, formulating the rule of his Order in 529, provided for regular study. But in the Church schools—the only schools—education was based, not on study of the great writers, but on text-books and compendiums which did not pretend to be literature.

Out of this dark period arose the great culture of the Middle Ages. The influence of Greek thought gradually began to be felt once more, though it was overshadowed by the authority of the Church. The most characteristic product of mediæval thought was the philosophy of the Schoolmen, as they were called. The greatest of the Schoolmen, St. Thomas, used his learning to widen the outlook of Christian theology. But in the main this philosophy attempted to codify in one great system all that survived of ancient knowledge, harmonised with the truths of revelation. It was governed by the principle of authority, not by the impulse to break new ground by independent discovery.

Then, in the fourteenth century, came the Revival of Learning. Ancient literature was brought to light and studied with an enthusiasm we can hardly imagine. At the same time, under its inspiration the spirit of free inquiry, so long dormant, awoke and threw off the weight of authority. The first great Humanist was the Italian Petrarch, who, in 1341, was crowned with the laurel on the Capitol at Rome as the foremost man of letters in Europe. Petrarch, as an Italian, felt himself the child and heir of ancient Rome. He set himself to collect Latin manuscripts, inscriptions, and coins. But he was no mere antiquary hunting up relics of the past. He wanted the Italy of his own time and of the future to do something as good as, or better than, the ancients had done. He himself would not imitate Cicero or Virgil; he tried to write new literature that Cicero and Virgil would have judged worthy of their descendants. He was annoyed when someone pointed out that in one of his poems he had unconsciously reproduced a phrase from Virgil. That is the characteristic note of this Renaissance or Rebirth of the ancient spirit. Men began to look to the past, not for a store of garnered wisdom they could appropriate, but for inspiration to help them and those who should come after them to fresh achievements.

I imagine the men of the Renaissance leaving behind them the culture of the Middle Ages with something of the feeling a man has when he steps out of a cathedral on a spring morning into the sunlight and the stir and bustle of the streets. Inside the church it was quiet. The light tempered by the rose windows fell on the Gothic pillars, the funeral monuments, the tattered flags. And a sensitive person would be conscious of that brooding atmosphere haunting any place where men have thought the same thoughts and experienced the same feelings for hundreds of years. When you pass through the swing-door into the daylight and the fresh air, that atmosphere suddenly seems to have been oppressive and rather stuffy, overcharged with the weight of tradition. The life outside is noisy and profane; but it is moving towards the future. The Humanists felt, like Keats, that they were discovering in long-forgotten poets, not something older than the mediæval culture, but something younger and fresher, and full of a sensuous life that the Middle Ages seemed to them to have sacrificed and denied.

The first generations of the Renaissance were occupied in exploiting the treasure they had found. They sent to Constantinople for men who could teach them Greek; they ransacked the monastic libraries for manuscripts; and they invented printing to spread the new knowledge. The Venetian printer, Aldo Manuzio, born in 1450, issued twenty-eight first editions of Greek and Latin classics in twenty-two years. Each was a work of fine scholarship; great pains were taken to establish a sound text by comparing manuscripts and correcting their mistakes. These Aldine volumes, now prized by rich collectors, were sold at prices ranging from a shilling to half-a-crown of our money. At the universities, scholars lectured on these texts, translating and explaining them in a manner not very different from what goes on today in a lecture-room at Oxford or Cambridge, though perhaps, in the enthusiasm of those early days, the professors were more eloquent and the audience more eager. Such, in very brief outline, is the history that lies behind classical education in modern Europe.

The House of Learning

Mediæval Scholasticism is typified by this symbolic picture of the system of mediæval education, with its 'three-course' study of grammar, rhetoric and dialectic, followed by the 'four-course' study of arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy—all crowned by the study of theology

From 'The Legacy of the Middle Ages,' by C. G. Crump and E. F. Jacob (Clarendon Press, Oxford)

I may add that, in the world of scholarship, the Renaissance is still going on. Some thirty years ago Sir Arthur Evans, excavating in Crete, brought to light a civilisation much older than Homer, whose poems are the earliest Greek books in existence. Discoveries like this change the whole perspective, and ancient history is constantly being rewritten. Even in the books published at Venice before the reign of our Henry VIII, each generation of scholars finds truth which gains fresh meaning from modern experience and needs to be reinterpreted. Great scholars like the German Wilamowitz, who died quite recently, are worthy successors of Petrarch; and Wilamowitz had at his command a knowledge and understanding as much in advance of Petrarch's as Professor Eddington's knowledge of astronomy is in advance of Copernicus'.

Importance of the Translator's Art

If I have succeeded in persuading you that Greek literature is still very much alive, I can go back now to my first point. What is the peculiar quality giving it a unique flavour? It is, I think, extreme simplicity of statement—putting things in the most direct way and the plainest possible words. This simplicity is in striking contrast with the tendency of contemporary poetry. A young lady said to me the other day: 'How nice it must be to sit there, like T. S. Eliot, knowing exactly what you mean'. She meant that, though Mr. Eliot is a genuine and sincere poet, it seems to be no part of his intention that his readers should understand him without much racking of brains. The Greeks of the great period sometimes had to express obscure thoughts; but they stated them as simply as they could.

Unfortunately, simplicity comes off badly in translation. Only a very good translator can keep the simplicity, without making the statement sound bald, or even silly, to a reader who is used to a more highly coloured style. To illustrate this, let us imagine we had to translate Shakespeare's 'Othello' into French. We come to the poignant and terrible scene where Iago poisons Othello's mind with suspicion of his innocent wife. Iago goes; and Othello talks to himself. Here are some lines from his speech:

> If I do prove her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
> I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
> To prey at fortune. Haply for I am black,
> And have not those soft parts of conversation
> That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
> Into the vale of years—yet that's not much.
>
> She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
> Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
> That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
> And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
> And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
> Than keep a corner in the thing I love
> For others' uses.

This speech is a splendid example of Elizabethan poetry. It is not simple; the language, measured by the standard of either Greek or French poetry, is rhetorical and overcharged with daring images and metaphors. No Greek or French tragedian would let his hero compare his heartstrings to the jesses of a falcon, or say he would rather be a toad in a dungeon. You would have to tone down that speech and leave out a good deal to make it tolerable to the audience that admired Racine. In English it is magnificent; in French it would be grotesque and barbarous.

So in reading translations one has to remember that to read any poetry unskilfully rendered in another language, with a different genius and tradition, is (to borrow a phrase from Rupert Brooke) 'like smelling flowers through a blanket'. But there are some good translations. Here is a Greek epitaph, by an unknown author, translated by Dr. Mackail. The dead man is addressing the passer-by who reads the epitaph:

> I died, but I await thee; and thou too shalt await someone else: one Death receives all mortals alike.

Even here the English reader will miss something which the Greek implies: 'Death receives all'. The common Greek word for an inn means literally 'the place where all strangers are received'—the 'all-receiving place'. An English writer would make more of this image of Death, the innkeeper who welcomes all:

> Death keeps the inn where I now rest,
> With room enough for every guest.
> I shall await thee, thou await
> Others, where all meet, soon or late.

In the Greek the image is only hinted at, not exploited or elaborated. That reserve, economy, simplicity, is the thing to look for in Greek poetry.

The epitaph I quoted was chosen almost at random; but it happens to illustrate another quality that will be felt throughout Greek poetry. I mean the melancholy of the Greeks in facing the shortness and sadness of life and the imminence of death, without sentiment or illusion. Its tone is to be heard in a fragment of fourth-century comedy, which repeats the imagery of the epitaph:

> We should not mourn overmuch for those who are dear to us. They are not dead; they have only gone before upon the road that all must travel. Some day we, too, shall come to the same inn and spend the rest of time in their society.

Contrast with this stony simplicity the emotion infused by a Christian poet, Christina Rossetti, into the same image—the inn of Death—which no doubt she used independently:

> Does the road wind uphill all the way?
> Yes, to the very end.
> Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
> From morn to night, my friend.
>
> But is there for the night a resting-place?
> A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
> May not the darkness hide it from my face?
> You cannot miss that inn.
>
> Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
> Those who have gone before.
> Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
> They will not keep you waiting at that door.
>
> Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
> Of labour you shall find the sum.
> Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
> Yea, beds for all who come.

If you are romantic, you will prefer this mode of expression, which actually contains the feeling it is meant to convey. If your taste is severely classical, it may strike you as too self-conscious, and even as sentimental. Set beside it, the Greek epitaph reads like a bare statement of fact, leaving the reader to find all the emotion for himself—'I died, but I await thee; and thou, too, shalt await someone else; one Death receives all mortals alike'.

'The Changing Audience'

BOTH broadcasting and the film in their educational aspects formed one of the principal topics for discussion at the recent Annual Conference of the British Institute of Adult Education at Oxford (September 24). Considerable interest was aroused by a challenging address on the subject of 'The Changing Audience' delivered by the B.B.C. Director of Talks, examining the bearing of recent developments of broadcasting upon adult education as a whole.

Earlier in the Conference references had been made by several speakers to the fear lest adult education might be becoming too wide in its scope and giving occasion to those who wished to economise on education to withdraw financial support from the more advanced kinds of adult class-work, in favour of informal educational and recreational facilities such as those represented by broadcast talks and discussion groups, educational films, and forms of handicraft and physical exercises. A corrective to this point of view was offered by Mr. C. A. SIEPMANN, who in the course of his address pointed to some of the lessons which had been learnt as a result of the evidence accumulated in ten years of broadcasting. He conceived of the listening audience as a vast cellular organism, with no more than a fortuitous unity expressed in terms of the blind reaction of primitive emotions to mass stimulus—a reaction in which lay inherent one of the dangers of broadcasting, as of the Press, the film, and other instruments moulding public opinion. The influence of broadcasting had been on the one hand to distribute through the body politic the experience and culture of all classes, and on the other hand to stimulate the first awakening of what might in time become a distinctive and articulate democratic culture.

Mr. Siepmann proceeded to ask whether the traditional culture of Oxford and Cambridge, particularly as interpreted through the University Tutorial Class movement, was either practicable or adequate to modern democracy. Did it not ignore the essential pre-requisites of such a culture? Education was concerned with two distinct but related problems: the achievement of the pre-requisites of the culture and the realisation of the culture itself. The pressure of economic necessity, the demand for leadership and for vocational efficiency, if the present or a future form of world order was to survive—did not the adult education movement as a whole, ranking local authorities apart, pay too small attention to these immanent needs, and consequently adopt an ostrich-like attitude to existing and inevitable changes both in the structure of society and consequently in values and mentality? Mr. Siepmann next drew attention to the attempts made by other countries such as Russia and Italy to solve the problem of these two aspects of education. In Russia, culture was sacrificed to more pressing needs: attention was concentrated upon the economic and technical aspects of education, which are the pre-requisites of any stable culture. Again, in Italy, existing culture was recognised but subordinated to the predominant political theory. But British broadcasting attempted to preserve freedom of thought as well as traditional culture, and so to reconcile both the static and the dynamic aspects of education. The constitution of the B.B.C. was well adapted to this end. Freedom of broadcasting from political control was of paramount importance; political expediency, indeed, pointed to a narrowing of the bounds of controversy and the limitation of expression of opposed opinions to moderate and safe channels, but broadcasting under the present constitution in Britain was free to move in the opposite direction—that is, an increasing representation of minority opinions and minority interests. Thus, the B.B.C. was able both to preserve and represent to a changing audience the cultural tradition of the past and to cater for the new democratic culture as and where it becomes articulate.

In a subsequent address dealing also with 'The Changing Audience' MR. R. S. LAMBERT drew attention to the educational development of the sister art to broadcasting, that is the cinema. He attributed the backwardness of the cinema in exercising a cultural influence similar to that of wireless to its commerical origins and to the fact that the box-office standards of values prevailing in regard to films were incompatible with the recognition of and catering for the needs of minority interests. At the present time, however, the situation was changing: the film industry required new markets and must seek them among the large class of intelligent persons who hitherto had kept away from the picture houses. The best way to influence the film for good was to introduce a centralising body, as had been done in the case of wireless. It was likely in the near future that such a body would come into existence in the form of a National Film Institute.

The Doctor and the Public—I

What is Health?

By SIR THOMAS HORDER

A series of twelve practical talks on health by doctors is here opened by one of the foremost members of the medical profession in this country

HEALTH, like the sunshine, or like the colour green, is very much what the psychologist calls a primary sensation. Such sensations cannot be described, still less 'defined': they must be experienced. But though I cannot define health, any more than I can define life, of which health is an expression, I hope I may have something to say that will be worthy of your attention.

Health is not really a thing of which we are conscious. When we are healthy we do not notice our hearts beating, we do not follow the ebb and flow of our breathing; and the hundred and one other functions that go on so smoothly in our body are quite automatic. And yet there is a sort of organic sense of well-being which results from the balance of the various physical and chemical changes that are constantly going on within us. We often signify this by certain exclamations, such as 'I feel very well this morning', or, 'It's good to be alive'. But when we say such things as these, we are really expressing a state of our mind rather than a state of our body. We are referring to the effects of health rather than to any physical sensations of health. We feel a sense of power, or of freedom, or of satisfaction with ourselves in relation to the universe.

The Partnership of Body and Mind

At the very outset of our investigation, therefore, we are faced with the fact that the body and the mind are close partners in this matter. And we shall find that this is so all through any attempt we may make at a closer analysis. The perfect harmony that exists between our various functions, which is the basis of health, is quite unrecognised until we begin to think about it. And as soon as we *do* begin to think about it, we already risk some sense of departure from that harmony. Nothing is either healthy or unhealthy, but thinking makes it so. If a sensitive person is accosted by one after another of his friends with the sympathetic remark, 'You are not looking very well this morning', he may, for the first time, be put in a state of doubt about his health. Even in the course of the doctor's enquiries to his patient, unless tact be used, a morbid suggestion may be started, 'You asked me just now, doctor, if I ever felt giddy, and I said "No", but now that I think of it'—which is one reason why the wise doctor learns to hear all and say little.

Now, although the automatic functioning of our body, and of our mind, too, to a large extent, follows a certain general pattern which is recognised as the normal, or, better, as the average, there are many individual differences amongst us. It was recognised by the ancients that we are of different temperaments—some are sanguine, some phlegmatic, and so on. But we differ in many other ways than in our humours. We differ in stature, in bulk, in complexion, in blood pressure, in the shape of our hearts, in the position of our stomachs, and in a hundred other ways. More than this, we start life with different 'constitutions'—tendencies to disease implanted in our tissues by our forbears. And yet, in spite of all these differences between us, we may all be healthy. Only it is clear from the facts that there can be no general standard of health. Health is individual. My health is not yours, and yours is not your neighbour's.

I said that we may all of us be healthy. I must, however, except an unfortunate few who enter upon a heritage of disease at their birth. But most of us are born healthy and, for a number of years, continue to have health thrust upon us. This very fact is not seldom our undoing, for what we so easily come by we are prone to throw away, and what we only secure by an effort, we guard more carefully. This explains why some who are 'delicate', and must perforce observe certain limitations in order to be healthy, often remain so for a longer time than do others to whom 'rude health' is an actual danger.

The equilibrium of our functions which results in what we call health is subject to disturbances. Small disturbances are quite common and do not spell disease, but if our mental register be unduly sensitive, they may easily be read as such. If, however, they become excessive, we lose our health, whether temporarily or permanently. Our bodies are exposed to outside influences, and they are vulnerable. As a form of matter they can be maimed or actually destroyed. The conditions of modern life tend more and more to accident. Indeed, if we do not soon take further steps to control these conditions, we shall shortly live by accidents. Again, our bodies are open to attack by microbes, that is to say, infection. There is much that we can do to protect ourselves from this danger, and for the rest science is surely, if slowly, gaining the upper hand over this particular menace.

No Health Without Morals

So long as we are young most of us need be at little, or no, pains to be healthy. The stuff is so resilient that it stands up to all sorts of abuses and excesses, and these seem to leave no mark. If it were not so, few of us would see manhood. But as life advances to middle-age, this elasticity diminishes. Health becomes less a gift and more a purchase. To preserve it at this stage of life some control is necessary. Later, control becomes imperative, and we can have health on no other terms. Now control is the result of training, and the health of the grown-up man or woman is influenced enormously by the habits that have been formed during childhood and youth. Not only is it easier for the disciplined man to keep his health than for the undisciplined, it is much easier to get him well when he is ill. But this is another way of saying that health is very much bound up with education. But by 'education' I do not mean only the giving of instruction, but also the formation of the mind, the regulation of the passions and the establishment of principles. Education should really imply all these things. The true meaning of the word has been traduced, and a new term has been used to cover what I now have in mind. It is called a 'liberal education'.

Huxley gave a fine description of what I mean when he wrote as follows:

> That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will; the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Please do not think I am preaching a sermon when I talk like this. In doing my best to grapple with the problem that has been set me, I must make clear my conviction that this matter of health is inseparably bound up with the conduct of life. Order is not only Heaven's first law, it is the first law of health also. And I have to admit, ungallant though it may appear, that this particular consideration seems to me to explain, in no small measure, why women do not enjoy the same level of health as men do.

This training of the body as dependent on the mind must begin very early in life if it is to be a success. To discipline a child was never a very popular business—for the child. And if the practice of allowing 'self-expression' in the child becomes any more fashionable, then doctors may well expect to be busier in the future than they are to-day. Since the child lacks experience, it cannot realise the wisdom of training. It must, therefore, rely upon its parents. And if there be any parents still left who are wise enough to train their children in manners, let them not be afraid, when the child asks 'Why?' to use the old-fashioned answer, 'Because it is good for you', or, 'Because I want you to'.

For the manners of the child become the morals of the adult, and, as I have already said, for the adult there can be no health without morals, or, if you prefer, without *morale*.

The Value of a Quiet Mind

There are some of us whose conditions of life carry on into full manhood the simple and healthful state of the well-trained child. The shepherd on the downs, the carter with his horses, the sailor hauling on his rope—these give us a picture of simple health. Fresh air, light, regular exercise and interest, sleep and wholesome food keep the child healthy as they do these grown-up counterparts. But many of us live in towns, shut up for hours together in rooms, in factories and in mines. We follow sedentary and often dull occupations. We turn night into day. Noise and bustle are all about us. We are offered complicated and un-nourishing food. But that is not all. The simple lives of whom I spoke just now are not threatened, as most of us are, by anxious cares and the strain of excessive emotions. We tend to get depressed or excited, either about the destiny of our souls or the state of our bank book. We have to guard against a fever of concern lest our affairs go awry. The temptation to take much thought for the morrow is hard to resist. And yet, for all the artificiality of our lives, such is the power of adaptation in our nature, we may still keep the balance, we may still enjoy good health.

Not by cultivating some little hoard of maxims. Nor by indulging odd tricks of diet, or exercise, or dress, though there are people to whom faith in such practices often brings the desired result. No, what saves us is to have learnt habits of control. 'All is in this', said Seneca, 'that thou govern thyself'. Temperance—that is, moderation—and a quiet mind, these are the needful things.

It is not surprising that the things of the mind are bound up with the health of the body. The surprise would be to find that they are not. And of all the elements that make up the mind, the emotions exercise the most powerful influence upon health. See what a tonic success is to many! What a stimulant to health is a passionate following of some calling in life! How love brings bloom to the cheek and lustre to the eyes! But, again, how hope deferred maketh both heart and body sick! How often boredom on the one hand, and sheer monotony on the other, slow down the wheels of health, and give the doctor some of his most hopeless cases.

Viewed in the light of such facts as these, health comes to be an expression of life's tremendous possibilities. It may be pitched so high that it gives us an almost intolerable thrill. Or so low that we long to escape from the sound of its dirge. With most of us the choice lies in our own hands, but in some, it must be admitted, the faults of training, or the very conditions of life, make the task almost too hard to perform.

But the important point is that health is always possible for us, provided control is secured. And control lies either in our own hands or in the hands of others. Health is a great boon. Its possession is about the only thing upon which we are all agreed. There is doubt about the desirability of riches, and sometimes even of life itself. But the value of health is never called in question. 'Give me Health and a Day and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous'. It was well said.

How the Mind Works—II

The Child in the Family Circle

By the Hon. Medical Director of the East London Child Guidance Clinic

LAST week in our talk we dealt with the natural equipment of the babe and young child and its life while closely attached to the mother. We can say then that by the time the child tears himself from the mother's lap to toddle about the room, to grasp things, to bite them, to build them up and to throw them down, he already has in his mental structure a person about whom he has certain passionate feelings, although they are not clearly defined. How often do little children bring things to the mother for her approbation. How soon do they realise the things which give her pleasure, the acts which the child performs which arouse her satisfaction, and produce in her demonstrations of love. And also how quickly does the child sense in the mother's face and movements signs of disapproval which are interpreted with amazing directness as rejection. Think of the little one, already occupying its private cot, awaking at night to find a lonely room or a mother sleeping in what is to him a distant bed; or of the cry that does not bring her to him. You all know how easy it is to get a baby to sleep, even in the dark, if the crooning voice or caress of the mother are only gently heard and felt. In seeking to win the maternal interest and, even further, greedily to monopolise it, the child will call into activity those peevish cries and wild movements which can sometimes be a source of bewilderment if not actually the bane of a mother's life. It is during this period that the mother, if she is to have future peace and a healthy child, must see that no undue indulgence in these attempts at all-powerfulness on the part of the child is allowed. It is here that the regularising of behaviour that I referred to last week can be established, and it is at this time that the child gets its first intimation of an ordered life which comes from the outside world. If we care to put it this way, we could say that the child receives its first impression of rules, and it is the gentleness, the regularity, and the firmness of these rules which gives to the young human being the first pattern of order and of law. And in proportion as this sense of law or regularity is given to it without display of emotion and without distraction, that is, without interfering with the legitimate needs of the child, it accepts peacefully the mode of conduct which the mother wishes to establish. It is comparatively easy for the mother to impose this conduct upon the child because from her come all the good things. She gives pleasure and nourishment in return, and it is because love and order seem to have the same source that what later becomes moral behaviour is accepted and almost enjoyed.

The Inculcation of Conscious Obedience

But there is another person about the house who comes into close proximity with the child also, but not as close as does the mother. He does not appear on the scene till somewhat later as an object in the outside world, intimately bound up with the immediate physical needs and feelings of the babe. In many ways, as we all know, his handling is more often than not somewhat rough. His texture, if one can put it this way, is coarser; his voice has not got the same timbre as the mother's. It may even be the loud noise which arouses fear in the child, and, of course, his presence is felt much more occasionally and therefore the child does not so easily get used to him. He always, as it were, during these early months at least, keeps a distance. He is a part of the child's environment that comes and goes; he is an episode and not an ever present reality. And so when he enters the child's life when the latter has some degree of independence, moves about a room, touches things, breaks things and so forth, his sheer size, his ways largely so different from the mother's, must create in the child's mind a different sort of impression. In the average household, from time immemorial, the master of the house is identified with the giving of law, the making of regulations, the insisting upon this and the forbidding of that. I am not suggesting that the *paterfamilias* should be robbed of these time-honoured privileges, that he should not keep order in his own house, but we have to recognise what the adult standard of orderly life is to an immature child, who is governed largely by primitive emotions and the desire for the spontaneous satisfaction of instincts. The child, in consequence, tends to identify the father-figure with the forbidden and the unpleasant. This is not the whole story by any means; admiration and love too enter into the child's conception of the father. Particularly to the male child, who is so early informed that he is a little man and that one day he will be tall and big like daddy, the father becomes a person to admire, to look up to, and whose example he must emulate. The child experiences things largely physically; size, strength and power are what amaze him, if they do not actually frighten him. And to please this great figure is one of the desires most ardently felt by little children—to please him is to get perhaps some relaxation of his stringency, to obey him will mean that some of that love which a mother gives will also be obtained from him, and so here too, love and orderliness, which later becomes obedience, are combined.

A child grows emotionally as well as intellectually by absorbing things from the outside world. As far as intelligence is concerned the child gradually applies its inborn capacities to the manipulation or handling of things and to the simple elements of language. But, in so far as behaviour results from the shaping of instincts and emotions from very simple patterns, the conduct of the child will be coloured by the emotions which have been aroused by those persons in its little world whom it loves, admires, fears and obeys. This is so much so that the persons themselves who influence the child's conduct become part and parcel of the child's emotional, mental equipment. By loving the father and mother, the child takes them over into himself as per-

sons who are lovable. By admiring them it acquires an ideal of excellence which it tries not only to find in other persons but to possess himself. By fearing and obeying, it takes over a system of conduct which will be worth treasuring, holding close to one's bosom, because it comes from a source which is loved and admired. I have frequently found in talking to little children in the course of my work, and in watching them at play, that they identify themselves very closely with somebody they admire. One little boy whom I saw only the other day, and whose moral ideas have become almost oppressive to him, and who has a father whom he both loves and admires, gave me a description of the baking of bread (his father is a baker) with a wealth of detail and with a passion in describing it which surprised me. He wants to be a baker, but, as he added, 'I do not think father will let me'. This boy has a whole bundle of fears, some of them almost hallucinations. He sees hands appearing from behind doors, and is constantly furtively looking round for imaginary persons who are coming after him. You see then that this child of very tender years has already absorbed into himself ideas of conduct, fears about conduct, admirations and ideals for which the father is largely the pattern. The extent to which this process can go is rather nicely illustrated from the dream of an adult patient whose father died when he himself was only eight years old. He dreamt that he saw God in the sky surrounded by clouds of glory, and that the Deity was dressed in the uniform of a serjeant of the Grenadiers, scarlet tunic and busby hat, and he was very frightened. But the figure put out its hands and said 'Don't be frightened, Bert'. The dreamer's father was a serjeant of the Grenadiers, and, from a very early age, the patient had one consuming desire—to be a Guardsman, and his main disappointment in the War was the substitution of khaki for the scarlet tunic.

Mother and Child

Photograph by Trude Fleischmann, Vienna, from 'Modern Photography 1932' ('The Studio')

Cross-Currents of Affection and Enmity

Now all these feelings that children have for their parents are in the first place during the early years not capable of expression in words, and many of the feelings are in addition unconscious ones. Why are they unconscious ones, and what is the effect upon behaviour of their remaining unconscious? The unconscious elements in the child's attitude towards its parents are bound up with feelings, emotions and instincts that are forbidden. Many things in the life of a child are forbidden; simple appetites have to be controlled. Bodily processes are timed, and even prevented when the child would like to indulge them, and all these prohibitions are naturally bound up with the parents who control them. Resentments against parents are stored up because they cannot be openly expressed, and they take a multitude of disguised forms and unexpected outlets. One little boy, aged three, would always be found beating the animals and dolls in the playroom—particularly the animals. He seemed to derive great pleasure in destroying them. One day while I was talking to his mother in my room, he dashed in from the playroom, stick in hand, struck me, and said in an angry voice, 'What are you doing to my mummy?' The mother added that that was a common occurrence in the home, the child's blows being always directed against the father, and, in fact, towards anyone who for a time seemed to the child to be monopolising the mother's interest.

It has been frequently suggested, and there are certain very well developed theories based upon the deep exploring of the human mind, that there is a tendency—a universal tendency in fact—for the male child to develop an early and passionate devotion for the mother, and for the female child to develop an equally strong attachment to the father. This view goes on to state that this love of the opposite parent tends to produce an equally strong dislike of the parent of the same sex as the child. The little boy mentioned above certainly did show this tendency; that is to say, he was deeply attached and dependent upon his mother, and regarded his father as something in the nature of an enemy, an intruder. Cases of this kind are not uncommon, and I could give examples of little girls and adults, too, who have shown in a variety of ways, direct and indirect, a deep devotion to their fathers and a corresponding dislike of their mothers. How early in the life of a child these cross-currents of affection and enmity show themselves is a matter of some difference of opinion, and, in fact, there are many people who are openly hostile to this view. I think we must all agree that the child's emotions are unstable, ill-formed, and as yet uninfluenced by those social usages which make us adults the civilised beings we are. How far the sentiment which adults call love has already attached itself to male and female persons in the early years of childhood is a matter which only discloses itself to those who are intimately associated with the psychological development of children, and with the study of adult minds in their emotional struggles and conflicts. After all, we must not forget that the parents, as adults, have all the emotions of adults which are associated with the sentiment of love, and it may be that parents are themselves in part responsible for germinating the love that their children have for them. Let us glance back for a moment at the numerous fairy tales with which children have been amused in all countries and at all times. In how many stories do we not find the tale of the princess and the prince, of beauty and the beast, of love made fanciful and sometimes terrifying, by beasts becoming princes, and strange monsters and serpents vexing the lives of innocent princesses, and of little boys who kill giants, and of all those childish satisfactions which are only realised in fairy lands forlorn? These fairy tales handed down to us in folklore are but the child mind of the race which lies in the mind of every one of us, apparently submerged, but stimulated when we hear these stories and acted out by us in our dreams and even in our lives. Parents are the kings and queens of fairy tales, the gods and goddesses, and the little children are the Tom Thumbs, and the struggling youngsters of poor woodcutters, and imprisoned princes and princesses. All the gamut of the emotions is played over in the life of the child in its contact with its parents. The little girl sees herself as a future mother when she plays with her dolls. She imitates the washing of napkins, the bathing of baby, and the managing of the household. She beats her doll and puts it to sleep as mother does to her. The little boy, in the improvised wigwam, under the bed or table, plays mothers and fathers with his little sisters or friends, and repeats not only the comedy of the home, but the tragi-comedy also. The competition for love is played out, the desire for mastery is acted over, and in their little games the children expand their personalities, at first in fancy, and then in actuality by becoming fathers or mothers themselves. I have seen little children at play with manikins and with one another, when the whole of a family situation which was obscure became painfully or humorously clear.

Liberating the Child's Emotion

I think it would be safe to simplify the emotional tangle in the life of the child by considering the two groups of emotions which form the foundation of the child's behaviour and the disturb-

ances of which beset its progress in the early years of life. There are two opposing groups: those which spring from love and the feeling of dependency which it produces, and the states of fear, anger and hatred, which any interference in the love interest produces.

The babe, as we noted, was very reluctant to yield its dependency upon its mother and to give up the satisfactions and the happiness which this dependency produces. But a mother who rapidly stimulates the child's interest in the external world will liberate the child for normal contacts with the outside world of things and people; where this liberation is not achieved, emotional development will be arrested. There will be a failure on the part of the child to attach his emotions of devotion and love to other persons. Such a child, mother-fixed, will, as it grows up, lack courage in facing life's obstacles, those normal obstacles upon which it sharpens its wits making for emotional versatility. If such a mother-fixed child is led to fear its own emotions, or dreads that others in its immediate circle might rob it of its love for its mother and of her love for him, then fear develops and anger, which is born of frustration. Anger, if persisted in, becomes a disposition, and this disposition gives rise to hatred, an emotion which the parents do everything in their power to check. The child, as we said, is very conscious of approbation and disapprobation, and in its effort to placate those whom it wishes to love or to diminish the fear of those who are the mentors of its conduct, will bury in the depths of the mind such feelings. So you see quite an interesting tangle of conflicting emotions is embroidered in the mind of the child, and at all costs a path must be cut along which life can flow. Sometimes the path will turn backwards, and baby habits will be persisted in which masquerade as sickness or as fears based upon things which bear only a distant resemblance to the original fear itself. Not infrequently disturbances of behaviour are produced. The child revolts in fits of temper, in rejections of the love of those very people it wishes to bring closer to itself. The child may even wander from home, only vaguely aware that it is in search of affection which its conflicting emotions do not allow it to express in the home circle. And lastly, it may become locked up in itself, in states of apathetic despair, or to build fancies in which unsatisfied longings are gratified, love obtained, or mastery is achieved. In this way, the child opens the window of imagination, to look out on those 'faery lands forlorn' where its world of desire is reached. It is, therefore, very useful to allow children to play, not only because in this spontaneous display of activity it learns to build up a little world of its own and acquire dexterity. But it also works off in play-fancy many of its feelings, and if we can obtain an understanding of these feelings as dramatised in play, we will be able to see not only where the child has gone wrong in its interpretation of others, but we too can learn how we have gone wrong in our attitude towards the child. How much do you realise the extent to which parents are working off their own feelings in their attitude towards their children? The disappointed mother may vent her dissatisfaction in such an excess of love that she is responsible for tying her child to her and arresting its development. And furthermore, lest we forget it out of shame, the vaguely remembered treatment that we have received in our childhood makes us ventilate our resentment by subtle acts of jealousy which we should be loath to admit. Would it be rash to suggest therefore, that a child senses parental resentment and jealousy and develops a feeling of being despised and rejected, which might call up emotions of revenge and thus perhaps lay the foundations of delinquency?

The family, in the majority of cases, does not long remain the eternal triangle of mother, father and child. If it does, then the particular problem of the only child is produced. When a first-born arrives, it is generally the case that the parents quite exclusively lavish an extraordinary amount of attention upon the newcomer. His uniqueness is accentuated. Every gesture is amazing, and its love a very precious thing. Self-sufficiency is in danger of becoming the fruit of this attitude. The child is uncriticised, and that feeling of omnipotence which every babe possesses, is long drawn out and becomes the colour of all subsequent behaviour. Opposing emotions of anger and love are accentuated, and being so often a lonely child, it develops and embroiders upon these simple themes. Where families are large, however, something in the nature of a young republic emerges. Parental love tends to be distributed. There is much more give and take, and opportunities for the creation of social attitudes are afforded in the early years, when the mind is plastic and receptive. Of course, here and there there may be individual members of largish families, who arrived on the scene when perhaps, for economic reasons o rfor personal reasons, they have not been wanted. Such a child will sense that it is different from the others, and that it is really not receiving the love and interest which it quickly notices or feels that the others are receiving. Anomalies of character may develop in this way. Sometimes the character may be strengthened by the introduction of an incentive. 'I shall excel and prove my worth', such a child may say. 'I shall be devoted and win back the love that is my due'.

The youngest child of a large family has also his problems and his peculiarities. He comes after a long period, when perhaps the parents are getting a little weary of bringing up young ones. On the other hand, he may be a pleasant curiosity to the parents, a means of reviving those early married days, when the first-born was a wonder and a delight. He may be, however, a Benjamin to his parents, but a Joseph to his brethren. He has reaped the benefit of the other children, the knowledge and experience, and he may appear clever as the result of this. He is isolated amongst his brothers and sisters, and may develop a world of his own, a loneliness yet an uppishness, at one and the same time. Youngest children are frequently neurotic as well as frequently bright.

Let us look back at the picture of the family, to consider the responsibilities that parents have to face in bringing up their children, and the difficulties that children have to face in adjusting themselves to those who are the foundation stones of their future lives. Let us ask ourselves when facing this problem, are parents a handicap to the growth of children? As you know, there has been in recent years a growing body of opinion that family life is on its trial. We have learnt so much about human psychology and of the importance of the emotions to our mental growth, that we may be led to believe that parents are not sufficiently equipped with self-knowledge or with the knowledge of the child mind to allow for the free and liberal development of the child's potentialities. I think that this attitude is due to an accentuation of the disadvantages which blinds us to the importance of the parents in character building. Perhaps I am guilty myself of bringing home to you the dangers of parental mismanagement. But I am, too, conscious of those excellent traits of character which even emotional conflicts produce. The desire to shine in the eyes of beloved parents and the will to live up to ideals may, when the love is not all-consuming and the ideal not too tyrannical, produce, and actually does produce, some of the most striking personalities in history and attractive qualities in average people who make up the community.

The Meaning of the Law

(*Continued from page* 470)

hand, and electricity, the internal-combustion engine and aviation, on the other. The law has to cope with all these developments as they come along and to reshape its doctrines to meet their requirements. Is it any wonder that the old bottles are sometimes found inadequate for the new wine?

Anyone who has tried his hand at making rules for his household, or his tennis club, or his trade union, knows how impossible it is to provide in advance with absolute fairness for all cases that may occur. It was from the necessity of accommodating the rigour of the law to the conscience of the people that there arose in England that most distinctive feature in her legal history, the existence of a system of equity qualifying the system of the common law. Where the law provided no remedy or an inadequate remedy, the Lord Chancellor, and later the Court of Chancery, provided what was called equitable redress.

I can best illustrate this by an example. Suppose you had made a bargain with the owner of a house to buy it from him and he declined to carry out the bargain. The common law could only give you damages against him for breach of contract. But if you wanted the house and not damages, equity provided you with a remedy, and the Court of Chancery, if satisfied that it was not fair that the seller should retain what he had sold, could pronounce a decree for specific performance, that is to say, could order the seller to transfer the house to you, and, if the order was disobeyed, take steps to enforce it. The Chancery Courts thus came to administer a system of equity alongside the legal system, and equity became itself part of the law of the land. As a great legal scholar has said, equity came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it. Nowadays since the Judicature Act of 1875 the old distinction has disappeared, and law and equity alike are administered in all courts which can give both legal and equitable redress with the general injunction that where any conflict arises between the respective rules of law and of equity, the rules of equity are to prevail. The distinction never existed in Scotland. Nowadays, when the existing law is found to be working unjustly or unsatisfactorily, the remedy is sought in an Act of Parliament. But whether by a parallel system of equity or by judicial interpretation or by the intervention of Parliament, the process of bringing the law into harmony with the growing social conscience of the nation has been and is always proceeding, and, if the rate of progress seems sometimes too slow to some critics, it must be remembered that alterations of the established law of the land must necessarily be effected with caution, and after careful consideration, if in the zeal for justice injustice is to be avoided.

Science Notes

Sir Ronald Ross

DEATH removed from us last month Sir Ronald Ross, the greatest figure in British medicine of our time. He must be accounted great because of the ability he showed in solving the baffling mystery of malaria, but, quite apart from science, he showed himself a man of unusual qualities. Whereas the ordinary scientist, even the ordinary great scientist, is as a rule both simple- and single-minded in what he does, Sir Ronald Ross showed himself as a very complex personality. He had pronounced views on things like priority of scientific discovery, rewards for scientific inventions, and so on, about which scientists who are great scientists say little—at all events in print. He took that optimistic view of his own abilities which is maliciously described as vanity. He was an inspired amateur in many subjects outside of scientific work; he wrote poems which were good poems and novels, poor as stories, which were rich in imagination and often in language. He made successful excursions into philosophy and psychology. He was a quite brilliant amateur mathematician. He showed himself a man of affairs; he ran a successful institute of tropical medicine and he was the founder and editor of a remarkable quarterly, *Science Progress*. He was, curiously enough, a good hater. In his *Memoirs*, which he published nine years ago, there is some of the most trenchant writing that a scientist ever penned. In that book he gives not only a detailed and interesting account of the great malaria problem and how it was solved, but an account of the main activities of his life, not least of which was his continued fight with the Bumbles and Tite Barnacles of the day. The week-to-week and often day-to-day account of the tracking down of the cause of malaria, given in this book, is one of the most interesting in the annals of science. This convincing and characteristic piece of description is, happily, unclouded by much feeling of modesty or reserve on the part of the author.

Sir Ronald Ross was born in India of army stock, studied medicine at Bart's., entered the Indian Medical Service in 1881, and left it only after he had made his great discovery in 1898. He was not very happy in this service. His routine duties were arduous. He was moved about a good deal and sometimes when it was essential for his private research that he should not move. He often felt that his superiors were discouraging. On a backward glance it is obvious that his work on malaria might never have been done at all and that, in the event, would have meant incalculable loss. It is a mistake, however, to say, as some research workers do, that officials are always like this. Sir Ronald was a genius who happened to be in the service. The service wanted him to do sick-parades; he wanted to look down his microscope. He was a heaven-sent genius, but the service had no occult power of divining this. It is understandable that there was clash. He worked with almost maniacal energy in spare time against great odds to get to the bottom of malaria, and so to prove himself, but by the time this was done and *carte blanche* given him, there was no need for it; the work was done. There came later a second reason for clash with officials and organisers. Malaria is, thanks to Ross, a preventable disease; nevertheless, it is one which has only in part been prevented; it is indeed more prevalent now than ever. Ross showed how to make the disease preventible and left to others the organisation of the task of wiping it out. His lack of complete satisfaction in the energy of these others was lifelong and the cause of trenchant criticism in print.

The story of malaria as told in Ross's *Memoirs* is one of the best in the annals of medicine, although to the general reader it is, unfortunately, clouded by the necessary technicalities. The disease was originally ascribed to a poisonous exhalation from marshes. It was widely believed, however, without experimental evidence, to be connected in some way with mosquitos. Laveran, a French doctor, was about the first to begin experimental work on the subject by showing that the living germs of the disease were microscopic animals which showed themselves in two phases. In the 'nineties the great authority on these germs was Sir Patrick Manson, and he had the insight to think that when a mosquito bit a man it removed from his blood a malarial germ which would live in the mosquito till death, then pass into water or dust, which when swallowed or inhaled by another man made him in due course a victim. Manson had little proof to offer for this inspired, although incomplete, suggestion. It had the merit, however, of turning Ross into a modern St. George who gave himself no rest until the dragon of malaria was conclusively and completely slain. There were other workers in the field. They, so to speak, occasionally prodded the dragon or even dug it in the ribs, but it was Ross and Ross alone who slew the beast. He found the particular mosquito which carries the malarial germ, the female anopheles. He showed precisely how this acted as carrier, by tracing the germ from victim to victim and studying the changes it underwent in the mosquito's body. It was a practical consequence of this investigation that to eliminate malaria in the tropics all that need be done is to wipe out the anopheles mosquito. There are simple and inexpensive ways of doing this. Wherever they are competently carried out malaria becomes non-existent and the greatest physical scourge of the tropics is removed.

This great piece of work was acclaimed by the scientific world. Sir Ronald was given in 1902 one of the earliest Nobel Prizes, and a few years later a Royal Medal of the Royal Society and a knighthood, but before honours came troubles. Some Italians claimed that one of their countrymen had been earlier in the field than Ross, and a war on the subject of priority of discovery began to be waged. Ross, instead of letting the facts speak for themselves, instead of seeing that the facts and not their discoverers were the really important things, wasted temper and energy in denouncing the Italians. He spoke of 'Roman brigandage'. He professed to 'reconstruct their crime'. In his book he ends one trenchant sentence on an Italian with seven marks of exclamation. He wrote round to various scientists practically asking them to slap him on the back and tell him he was a fine fellow. This in a man of Nobel Prize standing was odd conduct. It revealed a strain of egotism and selfishness in one who had in fact done a knightly piece of work in slaving like a black during the best years of his life to free his fellows from the curse of malaria. The controversy is undeniably excellent reading, because it was carried on by one who was a good deal more than a clever research worker, but it provoked sharp replies. Many outside of the subject thought that Ross had overdone his case and even wondered if, after all, he was really the one who had overcome malaria.

Ross had the curious idea that if large material rewards were given to discoverers in medicine, discoveries would be rapidly forthcoming. It was a view he was constantly urging in his journal, *Science Progress*. 'If the world refuses to pay for world-service while it allows anyone to enrich himself by self-service, well, it is the world that suffers—for its own folly. . . . If I were a millionaire I should give my money, not to institutions, academies and universities, but to men who have won decisive victories in the past. They know best how to win similar victories in the future. But they must be guarded against the scientific middleman, the managing committee, and the educational company-promoters, who are often to-day the parasites and exploiters of talent. They should be free to work where and how they will'. This view is similar to the theme of Sinclair Lewis' novel of the bacteriologist, *Martin Arrowsmith*, and with part of it many people would entirely agree. But much as one sympathises with an investigator of genius who has to work for a pittance and perhaps leave his wife and family unprovided for, it does not follow that the remedy is to make him a millionaire on the first showing of promise. There are obvious middle courses; the best men prosecuting scientific research at the present are for the most part neither too rich nor too poor. It is hard to judge of the suggestion adequately until it has been tried out on a large scale, but the history of science does not shout out evidence in favour of it. Inspiration, clear thinking, hard work, the unwearied search for truth with 'the dibs' looming behind and in front! I'm afraid not. Certainly not, anyway, in Ross's case. He did all his best work before he got the Nobel Prize.

A. S. RUSSELL

A Village that Treasures its Past

By STANLEY CASSON

VILLAGES of the type that 'voted the earth was flat' are no doubt rarer nowadays than they were. They will be non-existent if many follow the example of the village of Ashwell in Hertfordshire. Ashwell is a typical East-Midland village, not remarkable for any extraordinary history, nor for any unusual buildings, unless I except the lovely church which is famous for the graffito of old Westminster Abbey which is carved upon its walls. But this village is typical of the good, prosperous settled life of the East Hertfordshire and Cambridge downlands. There are many others like it and it is representative of the best life of the English countryside.

The old Tithe House at Ashwell before its conversion—

The fact that it is not a unique or unusual village makes the more important its recent venture. It has succeeded in establishing by its own resources and its own means a village museum which may well serve as a model of its kind and will, I hope, be the cause of other villages and small townships following its example. The history of the venture is an interesting one. It first began to take shape when two young men, born and bred in Ashwell, on their own initiative formed a small collection of objects which illustrated the life of the village at various periods in the past. The existence of this collection became known, and a group of residents decided to give the embryo museum a permanent status and find a place in which it could be put to serve as a nucleus for a larger collection. A small committee was formed and, by a grant of money from a resident of Ashwell, Sir William Gentle, a small cottage, already condemned by the housing authority, was purchased and the freehold vested in a trust. The cottage was small and apparently derelict, but, when the process of restoration began, it was found that it was a very perfect example of a Tudor beamed cottage. There was even preserved its ancient Tudor door which had been bricked up and plastered over in later centuries. The proposed museum thus came into possession of an unexpected treasure of the first order.

Once cleaned and restored, the building was adapted to hold the small collection, and the two young men (Mr. Bray and Mr. Sheldrick) were appointed honorary curators. No sooner had the collection been housed and public interest stimulated than the rewards of this enterprise began to appear. Residents of the village came to see what was being done and all manner of objects of the highest interest were presented or offered on loan. The gifts and loans came as a revelation. No one had expected that the village still contained so many relics of its interesting history. The collection now comprises objects from the Neolithic period of the Stone Age, all found within a mile of the village, down to the early nineteenth century.

The trust which manages the museum made a regulation that the museum should always be accessible to the local Education Authority, and the village children are periodically shown the objects which illustrate the intimate history of the place where they were born. Nothing is admitted to the museum which has no local context and interest. There is nothing of the old-fashioned museum about it; no stuffed alligators, or Benares brass, or gloves worn by Queen Victoria—in short, none of the miscellaneous rubbish that is all too often shovelled into provincial museums by well-meaning but misguided benefactors. The whole merit of this museum is that it has an exclusively local value and interest.

As regards finance, the museum is self-supporting. It has no rent to pay, charges no admittance fee and lives on the gratuities which are given by visitors and the sale of postcards. The fact that no fewer than 2,000 visitors came during the first twelve months after it was opened in 1930, and that 280 came during the month of July this year, shows that it has established itself as a place of pilgrimage.

Among the exhibits are many things of absorbing interest which might have vanished altogether in the course of time had not the museum been founded. There are two small hoards of Roman coins found quite near the village. One of the hoards contains a group of coins all minted at Roman London. Ashwell was probably a halting place on the road from London to the North, and some traveller had perhaps drawn his money in London and left it here to be found sixteen hundred years later. There are also stray coins of almost all the Roman emperors picked up in the fields near the village.

—and after its transformation into the Ashwell Museum

'Daily Mirror'

But by far the most interesting exhibit is a small parcel-gilt silver reliquary, with its relic still inside. This small but precious object is an example of the work of a silversmith of the fifteenth century. It is lent to the museum by the resident of a farm in the village which is mentioned in the schedule of property of a Guild of St. John the Baptist, a fraternity which was established in Ashwell in 1476. The schedule also

The most prized exhibit in the Ashwell Museum—a fifteenth-century reliquary, still containing its relic

Ashwell Museum

mentions that the Guild was possessed of sixteen ounces of plate, of which ten were of parcel-gilt. The reliquary itself bears on one side the sacred monogram IHS and on the other the lamb of St. John the Baptist. There is reason to think that it was either found in the precincts of the farm in question or that it had always been in the possession of the various tenants. It seems a certainty that the reliquary is the only surviving part of the plate of this ancient religious house at Ashwell. As such it is a treasure that has a historical value far and away above its intrinsic merit and interest. Out of the village it would be an interesting and attractive specimen of pre-Reformation silverwork. But where it now is it gives a life and reality to the records of the Guild which neither ancient charters nor schedules of property alone can give. The fact that it was found in a farm, once the property of the Guild, adds still more to its historical value. Had the Museum never been founded this small piece of silver would have remained in its owner's possession appreciated only by the small number of people who knew of its existence. Now it takes its place as a treasure of importance to the whole village. Among the other exhibits is a small bronze crucifix, probably made by the enamellers of Limoges, a relic of the thirteenth century.

The old and forgotten industries of the village are illustrated by various objects. There is a group of curious steel instruments used for splitting straws into various degress of thinness in strips for the making of straw hats: there are also the cement moulds on which the hats were pressed. Of agricultural instruments there are numerous interesting specimens: iron tools for cutting the bark off trees, for cutting the roots of hedges and for the multifarious occupations of the good farmer who kept his fields clean. There are tracts and broadsheets printed for inhabitants of Ashwell, and books and pamphlets by men of Ashwell who became authors. The life of the village for countless generations is here documented and laid bare.

I have explained the genesis and organisation of this small museum in detail because it is clear that on a similar basis of organisation any villiage in England can follow the example of Ashwell. Such museums serve an incalculable educational purpose. They are not mere repositories of forgotten things. They stimulate the children and young men and women by giving them something which will make them think. The museum building itself shows them how underneath the dreary plaster of a slovenly little cottage there may lurk forgotten a small masterpiece of the architecture of Tudor England. The children will begin to look around them, to find new excitements and pleasures in their streets and fields and houses. The age of derelict museums which were mere accumulations of oddments of fortuitous interest are over. A hundred small museums like this could be organised tomorrow. In these times of rapid encroachment of urban upon rural regions it is the more essential to do something to preserve what is available for preservation. It is not merely the buildings of the countryside which need preservation. There are countless treasures of little intrinsic value which have a local importance that cannot be over-estimated. I know of one village in the west of England which actually has available for its museum an ancient cottage now vested in the National Trust. That cottage is now empty, yet in the village I know that there are numerous objects which could go to fill it if it were a museum. The village in question was a rotten borough until the Reform Bill. Its borough regalia, a mace and the borough seal, are now in private hands in the village and no one sees them. And there are many such villages. No doubt the privately-kept treasures are in good hands. But accidents will happen and heirs or assigns are often careless or uncomprehending.

The history of the archæological monuments and relics of Great Britain is a history of ill-recorded discoveries, wilfully destroyed monuments and mislaid treasures. The dispersal of finds of interest because there was nowhere to put them and the destruction of things of historical or archæological value because there was no one who could advise, explains the loss of countless things that might have added to the historical knowledge of our land. A small local museum provides a centre of educative value. It enables those who have made some find to learn the importance of what they have found. It teaches those who previously knew nothing how not to throw away or disregard what may be of extreme interest and importance. What the mind does not know of the hand will easily neglect or discard and the eye will fail to see.

I do not suggest that Ashwell village is a pioneer any more than I would suggest that other villages are all of the type that would vote the earth flat. There are other ventures of the kind, but I doubt if any have had such fruitful results as this.

H. G. Wells' conception of history comes in for much space and much criticism in the October issue of *The Criterion* (Faber, 7s. 6d.). D. S. Mirsky considers Wells' main characteristics to be 'a profound philistinism, a self-satisfied ignorance, and a hatred of democracy'; while Christopher Dawson comments on the curious dualism which makes Wells believe in the mystery of Being, and yet (with his idealisation of a materialistic prosperity) strenuously reject the notion that metaphysical or religious speculation can have any bearing whatever on life. R. H. Wilenski's *Meaning of Modern Sculpture* is acutely criticised in the Art Chronicle by Roger Hinks, who shows that in attacking the propagandists of Greek sculpture, Mr. Wilenski proves himself—with his 'distortions, suppressions, false assumptions and erroneous conclusions'—every bit as much a propagandist as his opponents. Joseph Needham contributes some thoughts on Science, Religion and Socialism; and among the books reviewed at length are the *Letters of Lord Chesterfield*, Adrian Stokes' *Quattro Cento*, the translation of de Sanctis' *History of Italian Literature* and W. H. Auden's *The Orators*.

Weekly Notes on Art

André Derain

ANDRÉ DERAIN is probably the most important living artist who has so far failed to come into the net of these weekly notes on art, and I begin by asking myself whether this neglect is deliberate or accidental. Is it that he raises no problems, needs no exposition, rouses no curiosity? It is hardly for any one of these reasons, but the neglect is perhaps due to the negative direction of Derain's development. There is some suggestion of the lost leader about him; and yet he is not the kind of lost leader on whom a critic pours scorn and contumely. He remains too good an artist. So there is, after all, a very definite problem in the case of Derain—for how, in the face of his reactionary tendencies, can he maintain the interest and even the devotion of a public which otherwise remains in the van with Picasso?

Derain was born at Chatou (Seine-et-Oise) in 1880. He was educated as an engineer, but at the end of his studies he had to follow his stronger leanings towards painting. He went for some time to Carrière's atelier, where he met Matisse, Braque, Friesz and other artists of the so-called *Fauves* school. At Chatou he had for neighbour Maurice de Vlaminck, and a certain similarity or community between the work of these two friends is not far to seek. As master, in the ideal sense, he had Cézanne. In his earlier phase, no modern French artist shows such an intelligent understanding of Cézanne's method as Derain, and perhaps Derain, even more than Picasso, is the real discoverer of Cubism. The distinction between Cézanne and the Cubists is that, whilst Cézanne was content to build up his compositions by colour contrast and colour modulations, the Cubists saw that an even stronger and more architectonic effect could be obtained by making the contrast inhere in the structure itself, in the plane surfaces which the colours suggest. The picture became an arrangement of planes juxtaposed and jointed to give the maximum effect of cubic volume, and such, indeed, were Derain's paintings between 1908 and 1914. It is said that the painter is now ashamed of this phase of his development, and has destroyed all unsold works of the period. The best collection of them is actually in the Museum of Modern Western Art at Moscow.

Girl Resting, by André Derain

Then came the War, in which Derain served. Whether we are to blame this universal scapegoat for the change in Derain's method or not, I cannot say. But I well remember that a certain type of critic went about during the War saying, 'Well, there's one good thing about this war: it will put a stop to all this Cubist nonsense'. Such critics had not reckoned with Picasso—nor, for that matter, with the spiritual effect of the War, which was to intensify this flight from the instability of appearances which Cubism represents. But how such critics must have rejoiced in the case of Derain; for from 1918 onwards Derain is no longer to be called a Cubist. He diverges sharply from Picasso, and really from the whole of the modern school. All the hardness, all the angularity disappears from his pictures; instead we get a softness, and sometimes, let it be murmured, a sentimentality, that goes back to Renoir. It is as though Derain had come back from the War with his heart softened.

But, luckily, his intellect was not softened too. Those critics deceive themselves who think that Derain has altogether renounced his Cubism. The lessons he learned in that severe school are still evident in his paintings—paintings still remarkable for their monumentality, for their emphasis on the values of structure, for the placing of colour, not in a fluctuating mist, but on a building of solid volumes. Derain is not an artist given to self-explanation, but in one of his rare statements he has said: '*Il ne s'agit pas de reproduire un objet, mais la "vertu" de cet objet au sens ancien du mot*'. To distinguish between an object and the 'virtue' of an object savours of scholasticism, and perhaps by the old sense of the word Derain does mean 'virtue' in a metaphysical sense, meaning the essence of perfection of an object. For this reason Derain might be called, and has been called, a classicist; but Picasso has also been called a classicist, so there is not much meaning in the term. But what Derain implies by his saying is no more than that the artist must render, not merely the appearance of an object, but a certain overtone or suggestion which gives emotional quality to the rendering. And classicism has no monopoly in this power.

For the secret of Derain's art, and for the secret of all virtuous art (I continue to use 'virtue' in an old sense) we must in the end go to the artist's signature—I mean to the quality (that is to say, the quality of the personality) which he reveals in the very act of painting: his line, his brush-stroke, his sense of colour and of rhythm. Neither romanticism nor classicism, neither cubism nor photographic realism, not even the great bogey Form which stalks through all modern art criticism, is of any importance in comparison with this simple index to artistic worth and sensibility, this writing on the canvas. And of Derain's writing we have no doubt: its rhythm, its fulness, its fortune, make it one of the most beautiful now being given under the seal of genius.

HERBERT READ

A large number of listeners are sure to welcome the appearance in book form of Mr. S. P. B. Mais' recent broadcasts on 'The Unknown Island'. The 'seventeen haphazard excursions made at high speed at the request of the B.B.C.'—as Mr. Mais describes them in his introductory note—have been re-entitled *This Unknown Island* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) to avoid misunderstanding, and the text of the talk has been annotated in an unusually interesting way, by means of extracts from the letters which Mr. Mais subsequently received from listeners, correcting or confirming his impressions and information. The range of country covered by Mr. Mais is very wide, extending from Bodmin Moor to the Roman Wall, from the Lincolnshire Fens to the Northern Highlands; every part of the country is touched, except the Home Counties. The book is well illustrated with photographs and maps, and is provided with an efficient index.

Paysage du Midi—La Charette, by André Derain. To illustrate Professor Read's article on the opposite page

Illustrations by courtesy of Messrs. Alex Reid and Lefèvre

The Cinema

A Word to Would-Be Producers

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

I AM afraid I have come to-night in rather a vicious mood. I have just been answering a batch of letters that seem to me typical of the attitude of intelligent England towards the screen. They are all from young men between sixteen and twenty-six—with just a sprinkling of young women—who want 'to do something on the production side of the film industry'. They all say that they are intelligent, artistic, and understand 'the æsthetic principles of the cinema'. They all talk about Pabst, and René Clair, and the poster films of the Empire Marketing Board, and they have all read Pudowkin on Film Technique, and they all want to make another 'Drifters'.

'I should like to be either a director or a producer in a British studio', writes one, 'and when I've learnt all that the studios can teach me, I shall go to France and Germany to acquire foreign methods'.

'I should like to help to put British films on their feet', writes another. 'I have produced plays for my local dramatic society and could come to London immediately if you advised it'.

'This may sound surprising to you', says a third—he is just sixteen, and his father wants him to go into the tailoring business—'but I have decided that my *forte* in life is to be a film producer. Please will you tell me the best way to begin'.

Well, of course, the last one is fairly easy to answer. Some of the biggest film producers in the world have begun by way of the tailoring business. But they did not read Pudowkin, and indulge in theories about *montage* and triangular cutting—they just saw their way to commercial success and took it, and worked confoundedly hard before they got to the top of the tree.

What irritates me about these letters that I get—apart from the fact that they hardly ever enclose a stamp for a reply—is that the writers all want to begin at the wrong end. If they cannot go to the studio to-morrow, and start right in to be a Pabst or a René Clair, they are not interested in the job at all. It never occurs to any of them that there is anything fine in being a good topical camera man. They none of them say, 'I want to learn how to write a script', or 'I want to be a first-class sound engineer', or 'I want to make good two-reel comedies like Mack Sennett'. If I write back and tell them that the best way to learn the film business is to get a job as a clapper-boy and keep their eyes skinned, they think I am just being unkind.

Wanted—More Film Practice

But the fact is that England is suffering acutely from too much film theory and not enough film practice. There is a young generation growing up that is honestly enthusiastic about the cinema—boys and girls want 'to do something in films' to-day just as their parents wanted 'to do something' in art, or politics, or on the stage. But the film industry in this country is not sufficiently organised yet for anyone to tell these youngsters, with any authority, where to begin—and where to stop. The result is that intelligent lads of nineteen and twenty go round looking at Russian films, and attending the meetings of their local film society, and reading somebody else's theories of technique, when they should really be learning how to keep a steady camera, and finding out how to cut a sound track.

I do not want to minimise the grand work that has been done by people like Miss Cohen, of the Academy, in showing us the best films from continental studios. I know that 'Kameradschaft' and 'Madchen in Uniform', and the Russian films generally, have been responsible for bringing a new audience into the cinema. They have attracted people who have never been inside a picture theatre before. But I do feel that the value of these films stops with the initial stimulus. They may make a novice enthusiastic about pictures, but they will never teach him to make a picture himself. Nor will they teach him to get the best fun out of the cinema as an entertainment. That is only done by taking everything that comes along—melodrama, travelogue, slapstick comedy, American, German, British and every nationality—until you have learnt to pick and choose for yourself, and have a quite definite reason—it may be the wrong one, but that does not matter—for preferring one picture to another. My advice to all these people who want to become film producers is, to go into the tailoring business, or whatever job it is that their parents offer, and satisfy their enthusiasm for the time being by becoming a film fan, by which I mean a hundred per cent., dyed in the wool, honest-to-goodness universal film fan, not merely a neophyte of René Clair and the Russian school. If they still want to be film producers at the end of four or five years they will have learnt a great deal that will help them: if they don't, well, they will have had a great deal of fun.

I remember Louis Delluc, a French critic who died about eight years ago, complaining passionately about the intellectual film-makers of France. 'They don't love the cinema enough', he said. That is the trouble with the intellectuals of England to-day—I cannot say the intellectual film-makers, because there aren't many of them, but the intellectual aspirants who 'want to do something in films'. They don't *love* the movies enough. They look at 'Hell Divers', and say coldly that it is no good because it is merely a box-office proposition, and in any case, there are three dirigibles in the film, while every fool knows that the American Air Force has only got one. They look at 'Sunshine Susie' and say Yes, but we have been told that Victor Saville did nothing but adapt this from a German film, called 'The Private Secretary'. Hang it all, why should not 'Hell Divers' be a box-office proposition? And why should not Victor Saville use a German original to help him make a first-rate piece of British entertainment? If it had shown a whole fleet of dirigibles 'Hell Divers' would still have been a grand picture, and as for 'Sunshine Susie', 'To-day I Feel so Happy' has turned into a sort of Gaumont-British theme-song with cash accompaniment wherever the film has been shown.

'Constructive Cutting'

There is a fashion to-day for taking the cinema as a deadly serious business. The Film Society programmes talk about Mr. Hank Mann and Mr. Chester Conklin, and Mr. Buster Keaton. They haven't said Mr. Groucho Marx yet, but I expect they will any day. Everything done by Mr. Pabst, Mr. Clair and Mr. Pudowkin is almost divinely right. I remember in a film by one of these people—I won't tell you which, because I don't want to get anybody into trouble—there was rather a funny incident about a bedroom scene that was cut out by the British Board of Censors. At the first performance in London there was some difficulty about getting the copy in time, and another copy had to be rushed through from Germany at the last minute. By some oversight the bedroom scene had been put back into this second copy—but in quite the wrong place. You can imagine the horror of the operator and the manager when the offending scene came through the projectors—*and* where it didn't belong. But did the audience mind? Not a bit. Mr. Clair, or Mr. Pabst, or Mr. Pudowkin, had done it, so it was perfectly all right. In fact, when some of the audience went back a second time to see the film again, and found that the bedroom scene had been decorously removed, there was no end of an outcry. They said that the whole continuity of the film had been ruined. It isn't often that Wardour Street gets a laugh at the expense of the public, but I don't think you can grudge them that one. There was one young man, I remember, who was particularly angry. He gave me a long homily about the *montage* of continental directors, and the importance of every scene being in its precise place, and so on and so on. The other day I was coming out of the first performance of 'Grand Hotel', and I met this young man on the steps. We had a bit of talk about the film generally—and then I asked him, rather maliciously, I am afraid, 'Well, what did you think of its *montage*?' He looked at me rather coldly, and said, 'Don't be funny', and walked away.

It never crossed his mind that what he calls *montage* is nothing but particularly good dramatic cutting, and that it happens to be the basis of every first-class American film. It is about seventeen years now since D. W. Griffith discovered what emotional effects could be got by arranging his images on the screen in a certain order—literally cutting the strip of film into individual photographs and groups of photographs, and joining them up in a new sequence. Since that time the American studios have made all their best films on the cutting bench. Every director of slapstick comedies has been using *montage* for seventeen years without knowing it, and there is hardly a star in Hollywood who hasn't been made by a judicious use of scissors and paste. I was perfectly serious when I talked about the *montage* of 'Grand Hotel'—though I only used that particular word, as I said, rather maliciously, to get a rise out of my earnest young man. *Montage* is a nasty, snobbish word, and the movies would be much better without it. The trouble is that it is rather difficult to translate. 'Cutting' does not quite express it. 'Constructive cutting' gets the meaning all right, but it is such a heavy phrase to use. We shall have to try and think of an English equivalent, because it is obviously just as absurd to talk about the *montage* of a Laurel and Hardy comedy as it is to talk about the animated cartoons of Mr. Walter Disney or the badinage of Mr. James Schnozzle Durante.

A Fan's Paradise

Whatever word you like to use for it, the cutting of 'Grand Hotel' has been a first-class job. I do not remember seeing anything that excited me so much since 'Quick Millions'. Unless you know something about the practical side of film-making, you may not appreciate quite how cleverly the different shots have been arranged in sequence. But you cannot miss the extraordinary sense of balance that is the result of that cutting—all the threads of story held securely together, all the characters in that long cast given their fair share of importance. Edmund Goulding, who directed it—he is an Englishman, by the way—is certainly a bit of a craftsman. His film runs for nearly two hours, and has at least five different stories inside the main story. It must have been a brute of a script to handle. But Goulding keeps the interest going from scene to scene, never staying too long with one set of characters, never letting you get bored with one story, or forget another. That is real cutting, and none the worse because it is all in the day's work Goulding didn't set out to demonstrate any theories. He just had a certain amount of material to reduce to manageable length, and a certain number of stories to combine; and he happened to have been a cutter before he was a director. So he did the job as well as he knew how.

I am not going to say much more about the technical virtues of 'Grand Hotel', because I don't want to prejudice you against it. I have always found that when a critic talks about the clever work that has gone into the making of a film, the public begins to think it is something terribly difficult to understand. Actually 'Grand Hotel' is one of the easiest films to look at that ever came out of Hollywood. It is a film for filmgoers, a perfect fan's paradise. The 'all star cast' announced seemed a little too good to be true. But you can take my word for it as a fan, it *is* true. The names of Garbo and Beery and all the rest of them aren't just ornaments: each one stands for a solid bit of acting that is carried right through the film, and whichever one you go to see, you can be sure of getting your money's worth. I should think that the handling of those five stars in that particular film was about the most difficult assignment that any director in Hollywood has had to tackle. Quite apart from the tact required—and it must have been considerable—in keeping each one of them satisfied with his or her individual performance, there was a very real difficulty in fitting the players to their parts.

A Brilliant Constellation

Garbo, for instance, is not in the least like the dancer of Vicki Baum's novel, who had lines under her eyes, and didn't quite remember her own age. Garbo at her best is one of the most vivid and exciting creatures on the screen, and the reading of the part had to be changed quite a lot to fit her personality. John Barrymore, who plays her lover, is far too mature for the reckless young Baron of the story. But he was chosen because he was the only man in the Metro-Goldwyn lot who seemed to have enough stability, enough experience, to stand firm against Garbo's sudden sweeping movements and changes of mood. Garbo has a way of dwarfing all her leading men. If you think back over her films, both talkies and silents, you will hardly remember one leading man who could stand up to her. Barrymore manages it by sheer weight of experience, but the part had to be pulled about and adapted to fit him. Then his brother, Lionel, who plays Kringelein, the clerk, is a big, broad chap—what the casting directors call a 'heavy lead'. Kringelein was a poor little shrivelled scrap of a person, so ill that the specialists had given him just a few more weeks to live. What was to be done with *that* discrepancy?

Well, I promised not to talk any more technicalities, so I won't tell you exactly what Goulding and his camera-man have done. If you are interested in that sort of thing, go to the film and look at the angles and position of the camera, and the design of the sets, and you will spot many of the tricks for yourself. But the net result of Goulding's work is that Garbo, and Joan Crawford, and Beery, and both the Barrymores, turn out the performances of their lives. Garbo, in particular, is quite startling. There has never been such an explosion of personality on the screen since Nazimova was at the top of her form.

I don't know whether what I have said will persuade you that 'Grand Hotel' is worth a visit when it eventually comes to your own district. I should like to think that it had, because I was a fan long before I was a critic, and I know what this omnibus entertainment would have meant to me, in the days when a couple of films a week was my limit, and choosing the best half-crown's worth was really a serious matter. (Only it was ninepence or a shilling then.) On a sheer value-for-money basis I don't think this film has been beaten since Fairbanks' classic 'Robin Hood'. The only thing I can see wrong with it, from a box-office point of view, is that it is going to make it very difficult for us to be satisfied with the ordinary starring picture in future. After 'Grand Hotel', a film with just Crawford in it, or Beery, or Barrymore—even both Barrymores, with sister Ethel thrown it—is going to seem pretty poor measure. But that's a little problem for Metro-Goldwyn to worry out at their ease.

We are glad to see that branch librarians in Liverpool, as quoted in the Annual Report for 1931-2 of the Libraries, Museums and Art Galleries of the City of Liverpool, attribute the enormous increase of nearly a million issues of books from their libraries during the past year, among other causes, to 'an interest in literature stimulated by wireless talks on the new books'.

Christ in the Changing World—V

Christ and Society

By Dr. T. R. GLOVER

Dr. Glover, Public Orator at Cambridge University, contributes to this series as a prominent member of the Baptist Church

LET us begin with this question; has any real progress been made through the centuries in the actual preconceptions and ideals of mankind? Can you see any real improvement in human conduct? Conduct always depends on ideals; and ideals are shaped by beliefs. What a man believes or disbelieves shapes all he does; that is why so many of our lives are like chessboards, black and white, not one thing nor the other. Then has the belief in Christ, of which I am here called to speak, really done anything, is it still doing anything to help society? Once again, to answer this, we have to look at the past, and to know the past intimately and affectionately.

Society Before Christianity

We find then that in pre-Christian society at its highest the virtues were thought of in a different way; they were harder, and tenderness was not often among them; men approached the problems of society with different preconceptions. To-day the central and dominant feeling we all share about the community is that everybody has the right to the largest amount possible of life and happiness, that everyone has the right to grow to the full. We add silently in our hearts certain other supposed rights —such as the right of every man to enjoy the maximum of pleasure and self-satisfaction, to 'express himself', as the parrot-voices say to-day. In the ancient world this was not so lavishly conceded. They recognised that 'everybody wanted to live as he pleased', but they did not allow it as a right to everybody. They balanced the claims of the individual by a harder insistence on the State, and they scouted our idea of everybody having the rights we have named. They did not really 'count nothing human alien'. The few who were qualified to use the rights should have the monopoly of them ('and that means us', said the people who had them). Artisans, labourers, slaves, and women had not the rights that idealists nowadays allow them. To-day the only defence of privilege is service; then it seemed to require no defence.

The standard illustrations of social change are very familiar, but they need to be recalled from time to time. Child murder was no crime, even in the most cultured communities of the ancient world. It was not murder exactly; all you had to do was to leave the baby out in the open; and you did it, it was regularly done. Slavery, again, was regarded as an economic necessity; the slavery of certain races was the order of nature, as natural as marriage or digestion. The slave might be used as a gladiator, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday'. Concubinage, and many much worse things of the kind, were counted natural and defensible, and prostitution a valuable safeguard of society: and, of course, divorce was easy enough. Marriage—real, permanent, equal marriage—is one of the most difficult gains mankind has made, and one of the most valuable to the State and to human character. The contrasts with to-day are familiar, however much society is lapsing on the last point. But the question deserves to be asked, whence came this series of changes?

The late Professor J. B. Bury once wrote a book on the idea of progress—that idea which more and more filled the mind of the nineteenth century, the irresistible and inevitable progress of mankind. The race was miraculously mounted on a sort of escalator, which would lift us ever upward to indefinite heights; and apparently all you had to do was to stand still and admire the view. The escalator was by some called evolution. Bury traced this idea to certain obscure and rather bad thinkers in the eighteenth century; its acceptance was due to the immense material progress made in the nineteenth century by England in the use of machinery, and by America in exploiting prairie and mine (living on nature's capital); neither process was possible without effort, but that was overlooked—all was made so easy for the rest of us. That philosophy of resistless progress is a good deal damaged by now, but it still lingers. If you want to be sure of its actual value, all you need do is to suggest some really progressive idea to the civil servants and the journalists, that is, to the real rulers of our modern world; and you will soon learn how automatic progress really is; there is nothing that people in authority hate so much as a new idea, unless it is the person who broaches it.

It is, in the next place, urged that we owe all these great changes in social ideals to Christianity. But nothing ending in -ity ever does anything, not even pity; it is people who do things, who have pity, or Christianity, or whatever it is, in their make-up. Abstract qualities are no better than abstract nouns; they do nothing. Even if we say that we mean the Church, that, again, is an abstract noun; we really mean Christian people acting together. But, on closer analysis, the Church is controlled too often by very average men of good organising ability; men amenable to current ideas (not always profoundly Christian ideas), who know when to compromise and where to retreat, how much to concede to the Press and how much to the politicians, and how much to the sheer stupidity and vulgarity of the run of us. Such leaders mean at best a rather halting progress. We have had nineteen centuries of it, and to-day people are apt to discount the Church as, at best, an impossible compromise, and, when not at its best, as an organisation of dull minds sworn to reaction.

Christ as the Factor in Social Progress

I wish to urge that the real factor in social progress has been Christ Himself. I propose to maintain that the mind of Christ is still very largely neglected by Christian people, and by others; that where it has been recognised, studied and realised it has been a force of unequalled magnitude in human affairs—in the ancient world, at the Reformation, and to-day. It is not a dead Christ in the past, but a living one, Who counts and influences, Who still wins the affection and loyalty of men, and is the source of insight and power to those who believe in Him; that the words of the fourth Gospel are true, 'I am come that they might have life and might overflow with it'.

The first point, then, that we have to notice, is the rather odd if significant fact that according to our records in the New Testament, Jesus Christ had no social programme. Whatever the Jews may have supposed likely to follow from the establishment of 'the Kingdom of God', of which some of their writers and apparently many ordinary people expected much, Jesus, like every man of genius, used words and phrases with His own meaning. To interpret the language of genius by the dictionary of the common man is to play at criticism. Language is always to be interpreted by the mind of the man who uses it, even if it is the first obvious key to that mind. When Jesus speaks of 'the Kingdom of God', we have to allow Him His own emphasis and meaning; and with Him the emphasis is on 'God'; the Sovereign is to give the decisive ideas for the Kingdom, not the populace with its vague hopes and confused notions. Prophet and reformer, again and again, like the rest of us, bear on them the marks of day and hour, of race and place; Christ is more universal. He announces no social programme. Popular as sermons once were on social righteousness, Jesus did not preach them, and never used the phrase; He avoided abstract nouns, and spoke of 'thy brother' and 'thy neighbours', terms more terribly intelligible. He does not criticise the social conditions of the day, nor the political, though neither would have pleased us. The Roman Empire was not very amenable to criticism by provincials and subjects; and to have attempted it would have frustrated what Jesus set out to do, and did. The ancient Jew, and the Oriental generally, held what we might call very rudimentary conceptions of society; and if Jesus had been 'advanced' enough to give men the ideas of the French Revolution, the American Republic, the English Labour Party or the Russian Soviet, His trouble would have been thrown away. He had conceptions of His own, as we shall see, a mission and a purpose; and if the idealists of France, Russia and the rest have looked in the same direction, He saw further, and was infinitely more practical, the more effective for not having what men would call a 'practical' or even practicable programme. Meantime he offered no criticism of the imperial system or of its governors; and if there is criticism of one King Herod or another in His talk or His parable, He offers no alternative to monarchy. He does criticize what you might call social wrong done by the Pharisees; but if you call it personal injustice, you will be nearer the mark; and the gravamen of His criticism is that all such action is inconsistent with the claim of the Pharisee to stand very near to God. Here, no doubt, is the germ of many a social programme conceived by His followers, and developed from His belief in the love of God; but it is definitely theological, and neither political nor economic. He never discussed economics; for one thing they are in the main a modern invention, and they were a side-issue. He showed none of our modern spirit with its emphasis on the individual's right to his or her appetites or even to happiness; He refuses to admit such reasons for divorce as we urge so loudly. He refers us to God; what did God intend marriage to be? This is not to deny in advance what I am shortly to maintain, that from His teaching comes our modern recognition of the right of the individual to freedom for development to the utmost of God's intent for him.

Jesus' Conception of Human Life

Jesus approaches human life from another angle than ours. There is less hedonism, less emphasis on pleasure and happiness, in His conception—less attention to side-issues. The criticism

I once heard passed upon a man in a responsible position as having 'a bellyful of side-issues' applies to most of us. But Jesus drives straight for the centre. How do you conceive of God? That is the question, and the answer to it will shape the whole of a man's life. A perfectly futile and unpractical question, many will say, and many always did say; but if anything is to be learnt from history, it is evident that Jesus was right. Everything that He touches He refers to God. In every sentence, explicit or implicit, is His conception of God and of the mind of God, living and real beyond our dull words. We need a more living and flaming vocabulary to describe His conception of God, righteous, sensitive, loving, sympathetic, strict, kind, with a value for the individual beyond anything the world had ever yet dreamed, or has even since believed. (How dull such words are! you say; then read the Gospels and catch *His* tones.) God was, of course, the centre of all Stoic teaching, but the Stoic God was an abstract noun, or a summary of all existence, of all matter, essentially material, and half-dead matter at that, with law in it no doubt (what we might call reproduction, chemical action and so on) but all dreadfully impersonal. Jesus' God was personal—'Your Heavenly Father', as He put it; and both words, all three words, need more study than they have had.

Now let us look at society, which means, when all is said, just *people*; at the core of every social group are men and women, merely these. Jesus sees that, next after our belief as to God, our conception of man is central and decisive. What does He think of man, then?

'The Things Which Defile a Man'

The answer is twofold. In the first place He has no sentimental feeling about man's essential goodness or inevitable progress. He is quite definite on 'what comes out of the mouth' and by that channel out of the heart of man, the revelation of the foulness, cowardice and treachery possible to man, the instincts of the unreclaimed and herdless animal. Sin, in his judgment, is not a thing from outside, nor is pollution an accident of touch or diet; the heart of man can be horribly corrupt. Robert Browning recognised this as one of the essential discoveries of the Christian faith. Jesus does not fail to inculcate that God lets nothing of this go, or escape its proper consequences. Whatever moderns have to say about sin, the Christian Church has never been as severe upon sin as Christ was. Yet at the same time Jesus finds the very centre of His Gospel, His 'good news', in the inestimable value that God sets upon the single soul. Few great reforms have been carried out by men without some one suffering, without some one's interests being trodden underfoot. Jesus conceived that no one should really suffer by what He proclaimed; His 'Kingdom of God' should include all mankind; it was to be the expression of the particular care of 'Your Heavenly Father' for every one of His children. He has His own scheme of values; what men prize is, He says, 'a disgust to God'; spiritual rewards will not be paid in material currency. There is no possible expression of this conviction of Christ's more revealing than His own choice of the Cross.

So far all the theologians will agree in general; but here we have to note another point. Jesus trusted the ordinary man in a way and to a degree that the ecclesiastics, the scholars and politicians never have. Jesus set a far higher value on the ordinary man's intelligence. All through the centuries and to-day in many quarters, we find the practical organizers of religion and politics quite clear that the ordinary man cannot be trusted to think for himself; that he needs pictures and symbols if he is to take in ideas; rules and safeguards, bit and bridle, if he is to go straight. Jesus judged far more kindly and (it has proved) far more accurately of common men's intelligence. All the experts of His day, for instance, were certain that His Gospel would not be understood; I am quoting what the heathen actually said. They were sure that men grown up in polytheism for generations could never take in His idea of One God; you could never weave all nations, races, peoples and languages into one; truth must be variously seen and believed, and the national tradition in each case would be best. This really meant that truth cannot be known; Jesus believed it could and would be known. The event proved Jesus right; ordinary men were, and are, capable of taking in the profoundest idea of all, capable of assimilating in some degree Jesus' own conception of God, and of realizing the consequences of it and living upon it. His crowning act—folly, His critics would call it—was to trust all to His disciples, an uneducated and undeveloped handful; and there again the event justified Him in the long run. Think what this means, what hope it suggests of further outcome from His influence! He never suggested that the development or redemption of society was to be easy; His own contribution was the Cross, and He called on His followers to bear the Cross with Him; there was to be no inevitable progress; the spiritual gains would be difficult, but there was to be no despair.

Another of our great modern heresies He avoided by His belief in man. We are always in a hurry for a prescription, a rule of life; we want to turn the Gospel into a law, to standardize it. He laid down no rules; He declared principles; He announced forces and factors; and the Holy Spirit (the phrase seems to be His coining, or at least to have His meaning, which may be very different from our offhand impression) would guide man to greater things than they guessed. This cuts at the very root of our modern standardization, the curse of democratic education and of popular thinking. Jesus trusted to that right of private judgment, for which the reformers fought against the Pope, and we have to fight again against democratic officials, against schoolmasters, newspapers and broadcasting agencies.

The Value of Human Life

The Church made many blunders in interpreting Jesus, but it got hold of one central principle—this man and the other was the man 'for whom Christ died'. Synesius, about A.D. 410, quoted this against the Roman civil service; Muretus, at the Renaissance, against the medical men, who wanted to dissect him; each insisted that man is not 'a cheap thing'—'for whom Christ died'. Kett of Norfolk told the court envoy not to call men 'villeins', 'for whom Christ died'. In more modern days this has been the supreme measure of the value of man, woman and child, for those who have served them best. If we may put a saying of St. Paul's into the terms of modern vulgarity—'in Christ there is neither nigger, nor Chink, nor Wap'; and we white men find that as hard to realize as Jews and Greeks did the original saying. The history of the Church, Catholic and Protestant, especially the latter, is full of the great discoveries which Christ has made of intellectual and spiritual force in men and women, who would never have been allowed to develop in the ancient world.

The great conservative statesman of the nineteenth century, the Austrian Metternich, who dominated reactionary Europe (which was nearly the whole of it) from Waterloo till the great year of revolutions, 1848, traced the passion for national and personal liberty (his great bugbear) back to the Reformation. He was not far wrong. Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, claimed the right to tell King Henry VIII, in case of need, that the King 'did naught'; in our modern speech, that the King was wrong. So much a citizen could claim, in virtue of that right to private judgment which Luther and the Protestants found inscribed in the teaching of Jesus. It is not to be forgotten how large a part in the movement for the ending of all slavery the world over, was taken by the Evangelicals—the people who avowedly went to the Gospels to learn the mind of Christ; nor had they a less share in the early factory legislation. To-day the economic motive swamps the political and overshadows the religious in all our countries. It is, however, worth remembering how much the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind owe simply to the conviction of Christ, slowly attained by His closest followers, that the soul of man is the thing that counts most with God. To share the beliefs of Christ has always nerved men to serve mankind and to trust them.

Our weakness to-day is the old one—want of vision; we try to 'live by bread alone'; our thoughts are in bondage to economics. 'I know of no political alchemy', said Herbert Spencer, 'which can extract golden conduct from leaden motives'. No! and too many of our motives to-day are metallic. The community needs our service; but why should we serve it? It is a brutal question, but it is very near our general feeling; why should we serve at the cost of our own happiness, without hope of result? The answer is given by St. Paul—'the love of Christ constraineth us'. There is the motive, and the assurance that our work will not be in vain. Laws and movements have failed, often, too often; but Christ is still the force He always was, and faith in Him is the victory that overcomes the world—and sweetens the world.

Wings

The heaven is pure and cold and full of wings;
The spreading sea creeps northward in a dream.
Forlorn and scattered on the sunset gleam
The gulls go to their island gatherings.

The light's long wings, like theirs, are loth to fold:
Who will believe it that an hour has run
Since the ten pine trees, wet with sudden gold,
Looked in their last amazement on the sun?

The warm walls close around in our defence,
Light in a pale despair forsakes the tide.
Stand in your quiet beauty at my side,
Complete the hour, and breathe its recompense.

L. A. G. Strong

The Listener's Music

Listener's Progress

THE final concert of the Promenade season evoked the natural comment as to the character and quality of the programme: twenty, even ten (perhaps even five) years ago such a scheme for the last night would have been regarded as quixotic. The fact is a reminder that, just as the history of music is in a sense a record of the adaptability of the human ear (the dissonant shocks of one period becoming the conventions of the next), so the progress of the listener consists largely in growing out of one composer and into another. This aspect of musical appreciation hardly receives the attention it deserves. If, by a series of questions, we could 'place' composers approximately in the order in which they appealed to average folk in childhood, youth, prime, middle age, and beyond, we should probably see the wisdom of revising some of our educational methods. For example, we should find, I think, that the average youngster would rather listen to early Debussy than to Mozart. When the child is twenty years older, Debussy may begin to recede and Mozart advance; and finally the listener will have grown into Mozart, and will have become selective in regard to Debussy.

I have not in recent years been a sufficiently regular attendant at the 'Proms' to be certain, but I believe that to-day, as in the past, the various evenings have their special type of audience. If this be so, we may safely surmise that a good many of those who pack the hall for Bach and Brahms have gone through the stage when the one night they cared about was Monday: they still enjoy such things as the 'Meistersingers' Overture and the Siegfried Idyll (mainly because the music is symphonic rather than operatic); but they have no longer a stomach for a whole Wagner programme that must inevitably include some things that depend on the stage for their full effect.

In a recent article I mentioned J. D. M. Rorke's admirable book, *A Musical Pilgrim's Progress*, and I return to it now because it is an example of the kind of data that ought to be increasingly available. It was, I believe, the first book of its kind, and in its opening pages the author justifies it fully. He admits the value of the study of musical history, but he goes on:

> I don't see why the relative position of the composers should be discussed only round their significance for form, and the progress of form. There must be some unifying principle, but why should that not be, frankly and systematically, what it always is implicitly when anything worth saying is being said—the register of their impressions on a single personality?

And he adds that the history of a musical man would be more to the point than the history of musical form: 'In that sort of musical history, of course, Bach might come after Debussy, and quite a different order of truths would tend to be brought out—not objective and fixed and indisputable, I admit, but then only the least important truths are that'. If the thing were done systematically and seriously, he thinks, the real values of music might prove to be more mensurable and communicable than we imagine them to be. By way of proving that the method would not lead to a narrowing of interest, Mr. Rorke says:

> The histories of souls have turned out to have had a more general and more enduring contribution to make, even to theology, than the history of religion and treatises thereon. Some day one of our music historians will see how much more important it is to be illuminating on music by writing the history of himself, than to be illuminating on himself by writing the history of music.

But a history of this sort will call for even more courage than knowledge; the preface to Mr. Rorke's book is an instance of the kind of pluck that will be needed. The writer is one of our most distinguished musicians—Dr. Ernest Walker; and his preface is a confession so frank and revealing that one would like to challenge a dozen or so of other musicians to a similar ordeal. Dr. Walker's musical evolution, indeed (as he admits), has been far less respectable than that of Mr. Rorke. For Mr. Rorke did at least begin with Chopin, whereas Dr. Walker recalls that the first objects of his 'wholehearted musical affection' were 'two grisly phantoms known respectively as a Marche des Troubadours by Henri Roubier and a Gondellied by Theodor Oesten', his preference going to the March—the worse piece of the two. Thus bad began, but worse remained behind, for Dr. Walker admits to a subsequent 'wallowing in a new song about an Old Brigade (by one Odoardi Barri, if I recollect rightly) with extreme intensity of pleasure—I made a special point for a while of hearing the wretched thing whenever I could'.

There followed a transition period during which, though attending the orchestral concerts given by Manns at the Crystal Palace, young Walker found as keen delight in the Turkish Patrol played by a military band in the Central Transept as in anything he heard in 'the more select part of the Palace'. In his undergraduate days he kept a musical diary: 'Most of its entries read fairly decently, but I know very well, though I have never committed the fact to paper till now, that for a quite considerable while some of my crowning emotional ecstasies were infallibly evoked by Stainer's Sevenfold Amen'. (There is a moral in all this—several morals, in fact—but I cannot spare space to discuss them.)

The chief landmarks in Dr. Walker's musical development were No. 14 of Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words'; the 'Moonlight Sonata' and ('very markedly, but later') 'Leonora No. 3' ('I inevitably choked at the climax of the coda'); Chopin's G major Nocturne; Schumann's 'Warum?' ('a very powerful long sustained influence'); Schubert's C major Symphony; the Lohengrin Prelude; Liszt's 'Les Preludes' ('a merely meteoric force'); and two love songs by Brahms ('who appeared suddenly with a vehement attack'). 'Of Bach', he adds, 'I knew little, and that did not appeal much: and at Mozart I rather sniffed. *Horresco referens!*' As he says, it is a medley of negatives and positives, but a kind of thread is apparent: one sees the ready appeal of Mendelssohn and Chopin, and of the dynamic and more dramatic side of Beethoven. The 'Lohengrin' Prelude is oddly placed, but Schubert is where we should expect to find him, and it is in keeping with the usual progress of musical pilgrims that Mozart should be in the tail end. Bach might have come earlier had the instrumental (and especially the orchestral) side of him been as acceptable then as it is to-day. For it is, I think, a common experience that Bach's appeal is not only purely aesthetic: his continuity and rhythmic energy give his best instrumental music a tonic effect that may be described as extra-musical. To listen to a quick movement of the Brandenburgs is like taking exercise by proxy.

Mr. Rorke's development was different from Dr. Walker's, partly because it began later in life, and also because, thanks to the player-piano, a wide musical field was made easily accessible. Music was an unknown force to Mr. Rorke until he was grown up, and his first idol was Chopin. Here we have a pointer: it is probable that of all the classics this composer has no superior as a gateway to great music. Mr. Rorke says:

> It is not hard to understand why Chopin should be thus the great awakener. His whole endowment—his passion for beauty, his sense of the dramatic, his gifts of melody and musical invention; his technical methods, his temperamental instinct—all his equipment naturally converges, or was deliberately brought to bear, on the single point of making immediate telling effect.

After Chopin came Wagner, with Debussy and Tschaikovsky interludes, then the inevitable wakening to the greatness of Beethoven, and there the story ends. Mr. Rorke says:

> There may lie new stages ahead for me. Scriabin may have conquered unknown peaks; what I have called Mozart's pure milk of the word may become my sole delight; or perhaps one is destined ultimately to gravitate to a universal ocean level of Bach. I cannot tell; after what has happened to my most positive certainties I can affirm nothing for the future.

* * *

Cannot this vein of musical autobiography be profitably worked? The B.B.C. recently gave its aid to a questionnaire concerning all sorts of domestic and social matters. I wish it would take up this matter of the listener's musical progress. One method—perhaps the simplest and most practical—would be the circulation of a questionnaire among a few hundreds of representative men and women, some of whom should be professional musicians of various types. The result would probably show that, as in the case of Dr. Walker, a definite thread would be perceptible. Some composers would prove to be awakeners, others would be bridges, others the final goal. There would be more than mere musical interest in the findings; teachers—especially of musical appreciation classes—would move with certainty where they now speculate; the cart would be less rarely put before the horse—for example, Mozart before Chopin, Byrd before German, and so on. We should find that, generally speaking, the best fare for beginners would be the moderns and the more conservative of contemporary composers; the vocal solo would be the most popular medium, with the brass band and the orchestra following; and, whatever came in the middle, we may be sure that chamber music would come last.

The reticence of eminent musicians concerning their artistic past might prove to be an insuperable obstacle in the way of such an inquiry. For example, it would be difficult to persuade a distinguished scholar of my acquaintance to make public the fact (known only to a few of his intimates) that thirty years ago he would go as many miles to hear Stainer's 'Crucifixion' as he would now go to hear a Bach cantata.

HARVEY GRACE

Points from Letters

Broadcasts on Foreign Affairs

The series of talks 'Travellers in Europe' has crystallised an idea which occurred to me some while ago. In the series mentioned we have men of our own country telling us of Europe. It seems to me that much to further the ideal of the B.B.C. ('Nation shall speak Peace unto Nation') could be done by arranging a series of talks on European countries by natives of the countries concerned. So many of the growing dislikes and dangers of the present international situation are due to misconceptions and misunderstandings of each other's needs and hopes that I cannot doubt that a series such as I suggest would be of immense value in clarifying and broadening our ideas and sympathies.

The desire of the B.B.C. to avoid needlessly controversial issues is, of course, known and respected, but it has given so many indications of a broad conception of our modern difficulties that it would be shirking both its duty and its ideal if it failed to direct its strength to the task of lightening the clouds of international mistrust and dislike. When the deep basic hopes, desires and wants of the peoples of the world are so much in accord there is a monstrous tragedy in the universally prevailing belief that to satisfy our own we *must* destroy the hopes of others. Such a belief is born of ignorance, reared in misunderstanding, and comes to maturity in the sounds of war. Every effort made to counteract it is vital; every attack made upon it is a new hope for the world.

I fully admit that in the series I refer to, as well as in the talks of Mr. Bartlett, the B.B.C. is doing good work. But if we could have a German telling us of Germany—what Germany wants in the world to-day, what her people need, and where and why they feel frustrated; likewise a Frenchman telling us similar things of France; and both telling each other's people of their own nations, a magnificent opportunity would be afforded to clear away the increasing antagonisms of the world If France and Germany, for instance, could only be made to realise that they dream the same dream of Liberty, and not of crushing one another, would there not be hope that the conflict inherent in their present methods of realising their ends would be wiped out?

Newcastle-on-Tyne CHARLES MAUGHAN

Foreseeing the Future

On re-reading my letter in THE LISTENER of September 7, I realise that Mr. Strange must naturally have considered the remarks he complains of as having reference to himself, and I hasten to apologise to him. When I wrote the subsequent part of my letter I had in mind the many believers in free-will with whom I have discussed the problem; I was no longer thinking of Mr. Strange at all. But I should have explained myself more fully at the time. To avoid further misunderstanding I should add that anything I have written or may write is simply an attempt to express my own views and should not be interpreted as an attempt to expound or to lay down universal laws. Further, I am well aware that, as Mr. Abcarius points out, there is nothing novel in these views. Mr. Jones states that the fourth dimension seems to have led me astray. Here, again, points of view differ widely, for from the illustration he gives it seems to me that he completely leaves out the fourth dimension!

In my letter which appeared in THE LISTENER of August 24, I emphasised the fact that in this discussion, as we are concerned only with the future of human beings on this earth, we must confine ourselves to human consciousness on this plane, and 'the future' must therefore include only what is definitely to happen here. Now, we are active three-dimensional objects drifting—or steering a course, as the free-willers might say—down one stream of time. The 'common sense' observer believes that this time consists of three parts, future, present and past: the future and the past are non-existent; the only part of time that exists is that infinitesimal point, now. Events pass through this point from a non-existent future into a non-existent past. But this would involve the destruction and the re-creation of the universe at every infinitesimal instant of time. Here we must bring in the word 'consciousness'. In regard to time we have only 'point' consciousness. Our consciousness has no extension in time. We can therefore only be aware of a cross section of time, instant by instant. This is what common sense would term the only reality.

Imagine our eyes capped in such a way that we had only pin-hole vision, and our consciousness restricted accordingly. We look along a chalk line a yard long. At each instant we see a point which appears out of a non-existent future, passes through our point of vision, and disappears again into a non-existent past. Restore our normal vision and expand our consciousness accordingly and we see the future, present, and past of the whole yard-long line. (I am using this as an analogy only, of course, for actually we are still confined to the three-dimensional universe.)

Turning now to Mr. Jones' experiment. Let us suppose that the complete revolution of the pennies takes an hour and that hour represents a man's lifetime. With our limited consciousness we can only watch the 'here-now' of his life; we can only be conscious of the physical phenomena, infinitesimal instant by infinitesimal instant. At any given instant after the pennies have begun to revolve, there exist, says common sense, the pennies only in the point 'now' of time. Yet we must assume the non-existent past and a not-yet-existent future. This is exactly the ordinary conception of time, which does not consider time as a dimension at all, and this is the result of Mr. Jones' experiment. In my opinion he has left out the fourth dimension entirely.

Suppose, now, that we take time as a dimension, and we permit ourselves to consider one hour of it, this hour again representing the lifetime of a man. If we could remove this restriction of consciousness which limits us to the point 'now' of time, and expand the point half an hour in each direction, so that our consciousness would embrace the whole hour during which the coins revolve, with our hour-consciousness we should perceive the whole of the lifetime of the man at once. All his life would be laid before us instead of that cross-section we call 'now'. What it would look like we have not, or I have not, a glimmering of an idea; I only feel certain that it would be something as different from a man whom we recognise 'here-now' as a thought is different from a penny. Well, I believe that the world as we see it is an illusion due to our limited vision, which depends upon point-consciousness; and that if our consciousness were capable of fourth-dimensional perception it would embrace all the past and all the future, which I believe actually exist.

London, W.C.2 ROWLAND KENNEY

Pulpit English

The gentle correction of 'pulpit English' by the B.B.C. will be welcomed as gratefully by those of us who occupy the pulpit as by the others in the pew. Our standard of speaking is not, perhaps, so low as some of our critics allege; but it is certainly lower than it ought to be. Wireless listeners know that quite a number of Church of England clergymen speak splendid English with scarcely a trace of intoning: where intoning does exist it is the result of intoning prayers. On the other hand, the tendency in our Nonconformist churches is to fly to the opposite extreme and to adopt a conversational pulpit style which is very well done by some yet does not seem to me to be a good thing. While I should not like our English tongue to be standardised too much and so lose all variation as between North and South, Scottish and English, I do think that there ought to be a certain dignity about public speech.

The standard is much lower than it will have to be now that the talkies have come. At the public cinema which we run here in connection with our church I have studied the effect of the talkies, and it is my belief that in future those who speak on the stage or from the pulpit are going to have much better listeners. When 'the pictures' were silent nobody paid any particular attention to correct speaking. As time goes on the standard of talkies will steadily improve and raise the standard of speech among the people. It was indeed a fine idea to invite accepted exponents of correct English to record on the gramophone beautiful passages from Scripture, and present occupants of the pulpit will be grateful to the B.B.C. for this service proffered by them in co-operation with the Linguaphone Institute.

Lambeth Mission, S.E. 1 THOMAS TIPLADY

Story of a Greek Folk Dance

I was interested to read Mr. Mairet's reference, in his article on 'Folk Music in Mediterranean Lands' published in your issue of September 21, to the 'terrible dance song, which was danced at the killing of the children' in Greece. I think that he must be referring to the famous '*Choros tou Zalonghou*', in which I have often taken part (though we killed no children!). The story, as I heard it in Greece, is slightly different and refers not to a general custom, but to a single tragic episode. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote my account of it, as printed in an article on 'Greek Folk Music' which appeared in *The Monthly Musical Record* for February 2, 1931:

It is associated with a romantic story dating from the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the hardy mountaineers of Souli in Epiros revolted against the Turks and succeeded for twenty years in defying the famous Ali Pasha of Yanina, under the leadership of the national hero Kitso Botzaris. On one occasion during this long struggle a number of their women and children found themselves cut off by the Turks with nothing but a precipitous chasm behind them. Rather than surrender, these heroic women preferred to fling their children into the abyss. Then, forming a half-circle, they began to dance the *Syrtos* to their favourite tune. At the end of each measure the woman who had been leading danced up to the edge of the precipice and flung herself over.

The tune, in the characteristic seven-eight time, is printed in the article quoted. I see from the Greek Catalogue of the Columbia Company that they have a record of it, stamped in England and available on special order, numbered 11570.

Lisbon RODNEY GALLOP

An Intellectual Basis for Art

In discussing *Rhythmic Form in Art* your reviewer suggests that this book will prove congenial to modern taste which requires an intellectual basis for art, for its creation and appreciation. I cannot judge the book, which I have not read, but as for this inclination of taste, it is true that it is strong, and I think deplorable. There is no need to cherish 'the romantic doctrine of the pure intuition', endowing the artist with an inspiration peculiar, inexplicable, not to be questioned (nonsense if ever there was any), nor to deny the value of the intellect in both processes, to feel that such approaches to art as that through the 'Golden Section' are unsound.

That for every good picture that conforms to the proportions of the 'Golden Section' there are many that will not, and more bad ones that will, is not very important. What is important is that the basis of such a conception of art is faulty. It is natural that the intellect, assuming infallibility and universal comprehensiveness in itself, should feel irritated at finding that the nature of beauty and its appeal in art escape its categories, and should attempt to bring them into line by fixing them in terms of one of its own abstract studies.

According to your review, 'the critics have been less ready (than the artists) to take seriously the idea that works of art, like the motions of the physical world, obey rules which the mathematician can analyse and classify'. The pity is that so many have been ready, and to them apply exactly these words of Geoffrey Scott written in 1914 (*The Architecture of Humanism*) at a similar instance. 'It was realised that "proportion" is a form of beauty; it was realised that "proportion" is a mode of mathematics. But it was not realised that the word has a different bearing in the two cases. Criticism is not called upon to invent an æsthetic for disembodied minds, but to explain the preferences which we (whose minds are not disembodied) do actually possess. Our æsthetic taste is partly physical; and while mathematical "proportion" belongs to the abstract intellect, æsthetic "proportion" is a preference in bodily sensations. Here, too, are laws and ratios but of a different geometry'.

The desperate attempts of excessively intellectualised critics to prove these two geometries identical may be gems of logic, granted their premises, but even then are entirely irrelevant; for, to quote Geoffrey Scott again, 'Sufficient to itself in its methods, and satisfying men with its results, art is the last of all human activities to call for the scrutiny of the reasoning intelligence. Since art itself is thus a language and a thought apart, it will most often be those to whom that language is dead and those preferences unintelligible, who will seek for an explanation of it in terms of logical reason'.

Canterbury WILLIAM TOWNSEND

The Building Centre

I am sure Mr. Paul Nash will not take it amiss if I point out that in his interesting criticism of the 'Building Centre' in your issue of September 21 he omitted to mention the most significant fact about it—namely, that it represents the first occasion upon which architects and manufacturers for the building industry have really got together to do something for the mutual benefit of themselves and the public.

When it is realised what great efforts have been necessary to make it possible for over seven hundred firms in one industry to co-operate, I think it will be appreciated that most of Mr. Nash's criticisms are rather beside the point. The scheme is, of course, an experiment and as such may reveal defects as it develops, and no one is more conscious of this or more anxious to introduce improvements than the organisers. Mr. Nash's suggestion that the inevitable complement to the 'Building Centre' is a 'Furnishing Centre' is very hopeful and we are sure that everyone would be delighted if Mr. Nash could persuade the furnishing industry to embark upon such an enterprise. If he does attempt this, we need hardly say that we of the 'Building Centre' will be delighted to assist in any way possible and to place our experience at his disposal.

London, W. 1 F. R. YERBURY

Visual Education

With reference to the (most excellent) 'Design in Industry' talks, is it not equally important that someone should emphasise the fallacy of supposing that simply offering the public goods that are at once fit-for-purpose and—even more essential—expressive of artistic sensibility, will eradicate the remarkable love of the opposite that the British Public has for so long displayed? Is it not necessary to wage a campaign for visual education first? For it cannot be too often emphasised that with a person without taste (*i.e.*, cultivated artistic sensibility: which *may* be developed in anyone endowed with visual imagination) all the best work of the best artists in the world will not make a ha'porth of difference to his hesitant haphazard choice. Is it not time, then, that some kind of visual training was instituted at all schools—training in the (necessarily imaginative) understanding of great works of art and the development of an appreciation of proportion—most essential in an age of angular functionalism?

Sennen K. G. COLLIER

Election Symbols in Germany

Having recently returned from a tour of Western Germany, I also was keenly interested in Dr. Delisle Burns' article of September 14. Like Dr. Burns, however, I was given to understand that the red flag containing three white arrows, to which Mr. Leggatt refers, represented the Social Democrats as distinct from the Catholic Centre, Communist, and National Socialist Parties; indeed, the Communists with whom I came into contact impressed me as being not only in violent opposition to Herr Hitler and his 'Nazis', but also hardly likely to arrange even a temporary agreement with the more moderate parties.

With regard to the 'comparative infrequency' of the international flag of the Communist Party, if Mr. Leggatt had sailed down the Rhine from Cologne to Dusseldorf (in an industrial area with a population of over 1,000,000), he could not have failed to observe the overwhelming preponderance of the well-known hammer and sickle device over those of the other chief political parties, to say nothing of the 'road-surface' type of propaganda which decorates the bridges of the Rhine to Rotterdam, and serves to enliven the otherwise rather monotonous river bank.

Cardiff DENIS MCCARTHY

Mrs. Sidney Webb and Soviet Russia

Commenting upon the six broadcasts on European countries and in particular upon Mrs. Sidney Webb's report on Soviet Russia, you offer what seems to me to be a most fatuous opinion, *viz.*, that 'it does not follow that any of these countries (Russia, Italy, Spain) have immediate lessons to teach the three northern democracies . . . In their (the latter's) case there is no particular leeway to make up'. You see Britain's problem as one of striving to maintain something which we have already got. One could give a bitter reminder that one of the things we have already got is an unemployment figure of three millions. But let us see what your view has to offer us.

Britain became workshop of the world owing to an amalgamation of factors that brought her first into the field as a highly industrialised capitalist country. In large measure, she lost that position because other countries, entering the field later, were able to begin with newer methods of production and equip themselves with fresh inventions to which British industries—having leaders who maintained a superior aloofness from foreign ideas—failed to adapt themselves in time. Russia was missed by an earlier wave of economic development. But she has now entered the path of progress in a position to equip herself with new ideas and a new form of political and economic organisation that is enabling her to make leeway at an unprecedented speed. Should we ignore this vast social experiment and go on clutching at things we have already got, soothing ourselves with the fallacy that we are 'different' from others; or should we learn from Soviet Russia something about her new forms and thereby make sure that we do not fall behind politically and economically as we fell behind industrially?

London, N.W.11 D. RAYMOND JENKINS

Report on Crossword No. 132—Scott

This crossword proved a searching test of our readers' knowledge of Scott, and only two competitors, C. M. Jenkin-Jones (Bootham) and E. P. Whitcombe (Bewdley), were successful. As will be seen from the notes, a very wide field was covered, but the difficulties of nearly all competitors were confined to 8, 11, 36, and 37 Across. For 8 Across the suitable alternative LAUDS is acceptable. Honourable mention is made of W. Roberts, whose only mistake (in 13 across) was probably an oversight in spelling Dominie Sampson's name.

1 O	2 C	3 T	4 O	S	Y	L	L	5 A	6 B	I	7 C	
R	8 L	A	U	R	A	9 A	B	B	E	Y	L	
10 V	A	S	T	11 S	U	R	Q	U	E	12 D	Y	
I	U	K	R	13 S	A	M	P	S	O	N	S	
14 E	D	15 L	U	T	E	O	16 S	E	P	O	17 P	
18 T	I	E	19 N	U	N	U	20 W	21 A	M	B	A	
22 A	C	L	E	M	L	23 L	24 R	A	G	E	25 G	R
26 N	A	27 M	E	A	E	28 S	S	H	29 A	R	T	
30 U	T	I	31 C	H	E	A	T	A	32 T	I	I	
33 P	I	R	N	34 D	35 T	R	E	S	S	E	S	
S	O	36 Q	U	A	K	E	R	T	A	G	A	
T	37 N	S	H	I	E	38 F	A	L	C	O	N	

NOTES

DOWN

1. *Kenilworth.*
2. J. Buchan: *Scott*, 'Rokeby limped'. Byron.
3. 'Lord of the Isles'—XXVIII.
4. Outrun the constable, get into debt.
5. Scott's note to 'Marmion'—IV.
6. *Guy Mannering.*
7. *Triermain.*
9. *Marmion*—VI.
12. Lay—XXVI.
13. 'Lady of Lake'—III.
17. *Quentin Durward.*
20. *Guy Mannering.*
21. 'Marmion'—V.
25. *Guy Mannering.*
27. 'Rokeby'—II.
28. *Guy Mannering.*
30. 'Lady of Lake'—IV.
32. *Black Dwarf.*

ACROSS

9. *The Monastery.*
10. *Triermain.*
11. *Ivanhoe.*
13. *Guy Mannering.*
15. *Quentin Durward.*
16. *The Abbot.*
18. Lay—XXVI.
19. 'Eve of St. John'.
20. *Ivanhoe.*
24. 'Lord of the Isles'—XXI.
26. 'Lord of the Isles'—VI. Am. line.
31. *Legend of Montrose.*
33. *Quentin Durward.*
35. 'Lady of Lake'—XXI.
38. *Old Mortality.*

The Earthly Paradise

British Museum

The Chinese Ideal

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

Mr. MacCarthy's last talk as a regular broadcast book critic, delivered on September 26

ON hot afternoons I find the high room at the British Museum where the Oriental pictures hang a very pleasant place to wander about. Its dark floor, on which footsteps make no sound, gleams like a sheet of water; the light is tempered; the air is cool. And there is a Chinese picture on one of its walls which I find as soothing to the spirit as the great quiet room is to the senses. It is called 'The Earthly Paradise', and while I look at it I am not inclined to prefer fifty years of Europe to a cycle of Cathay. As often in Chinese pictures, everything in this one seems to hang enskied. The cunning disposition of the figures, of the blossoming trees (happy the country which has no perspective!), of the little boat upon the lake, in which ethereal yet courtly beings sit amicably together, seems to lift a scene of earthly beauty into an atmosphere of a soft enchantment. The gestures of this courteous company are those of boon companions, entirely at ease with each other. But to what a delicate feast have friendship and the graces led them! Calm and composed they sit in timeless intimacy, participating at once in the pleasures of humanity and the immunities of disembodied souls; enjoying, it seems, with condescension the wine, the little dishes, and the shower of blossoms which an exquisite lady—or is she a goddess?—shakes down into the water from a bough. No doubt they are conscious of the passage of the hours and the fragility of happiness which the falling blossoms recall; but with what inward sweet security, with what bland acquiescent irony they remember! Surely they would laugh, if laughter, too, had not been left behind in this region, where they have been gently weaned from all mortal concerns, except the most refined of simple pleasures and unending intimacy.

The ideal world this picture represents is typically Chinese. It is quite unlike a Christian paradise, since ecstasy and worship are absent from it. There is no circle, such as Fra Angelico painted, of saints embracing on their knees. This is a communion of friends. And it is still more unlike that later Christian heaven, Protestant and energetic, which cannot be painted, that heaven of 'adventures brave and new', of more splendid activities and more triumphant struggles, to which the poet Browning looked forward. Nor is it an Oriental mystic's heaven, nor such a paradise of pleasure as the followers of the Prophet anticipate. This Paradise is more human than the ideal of the Buddhists, more spiritual than that of Mohammed. It is the Paradise of an affectionate people, who feel that it is not through the passions, but through a kind of detachment—philosophic, religious, æsthetic? I do not know which to call it—that men draw closest to each other. Epicurus would have understood it.

Travellers returning from China tell us tales not always to its credit; the latest news from China hardly stirs our envy But neither travellers' tales nor the newspapers can influence those who, through poetry and art, have learnt to delight in the subtle equipoise of the Chinese mind. The Chinese mind is 'a quaint marriage-flower of two opposite ways of taking the world'; an Oriental indifference to which the chances of life are of little significance, and a doctrine of conduct whose most marked characteristic is an intense apprehension of the importance of human dignity and tradition. To understand the sentiment of Chinese art and poetry, it is a help to have some knowledge of their two great rival, theoretically exclusive, philosophies: Confucianism and Taoism.

Confucius is the prophet of social life, of the life of citizenship. He is the least mystical of sages. His religion is a religion of conduct. In the ordering of man's relation to man, in the observance of dignity and comeliness in all relations, in a ritual of duty, lay, according to him, the secret of the best kind of life. Many wise and human saws are attributed to him: 'Do not unto others what you would they should not do unto you'; 'Render good for good, and unto the evil justice'. (It is also recorded of him that he would not sit on a mat which was not perfectly straight.)

Taoism, on the other hand, which is the name for all the literature which has clustered round the doctrine of *Tao*, or 'The Way', is antagonistic to this teaching. Unfortunately I cannot tell you what *Tao* is. According to the great Lao-Tsze, 'Those who know do not tell; those who tell do not know'. But, though you must not conclude that *I* am among the former because I do not tell, the Occidental need not despair of gathering some notions about it. The utterances of Lao-Tsze himself and of his followers show that the spirit of *Tao* is one which is common to all Eastern quietism. The end of *Tao* is a state of mind which is a communion with a divine reality. 'By no thoughts, by no cogitations, *Tao* may be known. By resting in nothing, by according with nothing, *Tao* may be approached. By following nothing, by passing nothing, *Tao* may be attained'. To the believer in *Tao* our life is really a dream.

'Once upon a time, I Chuan Tzu', wrote a famous Taoist, 'dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly, and unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awoke, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man'. To us the philosopher's perplexity is comic; to the Chinese that question, if a joke at all, is one of delicious seriousness.

Quietism turns readily in practice to the pursuit of easy pleasure. The same Chuan Tzu was once fishing in a river when the Prince of Chu sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Chu State—for the Chinese until lately ever had a Platonic faith in the practical wisdom of

philosophers. The sage went on fishing without turning his head. At last he said: 'I have heard that in Chu there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some 3,000 years, and that the Prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now, would the tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or alive and wagging its tail in the mud?'

'It would rather be alive', replied the two officials, 'and wagging its tail in the mud'.

'Begone', cried Chuan Tzu, 'I, too, will wag my tail in the mud'.

Thirty-four years ago, Professor Giles, from whose *History of Chinese Literature* this story comes, published an anthology of Chinese poems. In that delightful book there are many in praise of the wine-cup, of 'drunk-land', as the Chinese call it. They are not rollicking bumper-songs. They celebrate the release of the spirit from oppressive surroundings and painful reflections, and describe the detachment of a delicate and fantastic intoxication. But what is most striking about these poets, even in their more Anacreontic and pleasure-hunting moods, is the restraint of their appreciation, and their capacity to find poetry in modest actualities. Life may be empty, yet the beauty of a flower may fill it; sad, but there is consolation in a memory or a thought. In Mr. Arthur Waley's 170 *Chinese Poems* (his translations from Chinese poets have made many familiar with them and influenced some recent poetry not a little), you will find poems which illustrate this fine economy of emotion, this gentle stoicism in grief. 'If life had not a garden with an old tree, I see not', says one of the Chinese sages, 'whence the everyday joys of life are to come'. Ah, if it only has! After all, man's capacity for happiness is a little cup, which does not need a waterfall to brim it. The poet, so common in the West, who gathers beauty by the handful, like a child wading among bluebells in a wood, wrenching them from their roots with a kind of covetous love, and running back, arms full, at once excited and unsatisfied by the glorious too-muchness of life (is not this an emblem of the Romantic spirit in literature?) cannot draw breath in the lucid atmosphere of Cathay. The Chinese have a proverb taken from their painter's art: 'One touch—and it is spring'; it might have been drawn from their literature, which resembles their art in economy of means. To hint rather than state is also the method of much modern poetry in France and England. Only whereas this method is used now to express ambiguous and tenuous emotions, the themes of Chinese poets are old, certain, and familiar. Though the dates of the poems in Professor Giles' anthology range from 550 B.C. to the eighteenth century, yet, in choice of subject, in treatment, in their subtlety and simplicity, in their ingenious naïvete they resemble each other so closely that one might suppose them the work of a single poet. The shortness of life, of youth, the frailty of pleasure, the wisdom of living in the present, the pangs of absence, the joys of retirement, the sorrow of parting, the poignancy of happiness remembered—and love, love as it is reflected in the still waters of memory—these are their ever-recurrent themes. Out of passion and its agitations they make no poems. There are no urgent addresses to mistresses or lovers, no cries of despair, of rapturous expectation, of jealousy, rather a golden patience, which notwithstanding has never ceased to yearn. 'The poets who wrote them seem to have come to an end of experience, to have passed long ago through the wonders and tumults of existence, to have arrived at last in some mysterious haven where they could find repose among memories that were for ever living, and among discoveries that were for ever old': so Lytton Strachey wrote in an essay on Professor Giles' translations. It is not a haven of philosophic or religious contemplation: human things are still the things which are most important. Indeed, it is the poignancy of some detail, some trivial circumstance remembered with the intensity of the homesick, which is the very means by which the poet evokes the mood.

After separation, and in memory, the poet of Cathay sees in his passions the beauty which moves him most. The wrinkles left in the sand when the waves retire are what interest him. Without a certain stillness, he would say, there can be no beauty; the shadows of things are more consonant with contemplation than things themselves, shadows which are the substance of this painted Paradise of the East.

Go and see the picture if you have a chance. But my object has not been to direct you to it. I have wanted to use my last word as your regular critic to speak for that kind of art, whether poetry, prose, or painting, whether ancient or modern, Eastern or Western, which steals upon us rather than takes us by storm, exaggerates nothing, and 'turns upon the poles of peace'.

English Prose in the Making

On the Continuity of English Prose. By R. W. Chambers. Oxford University Press. 6s.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERS is at his best in this book. It is truly epoch-making, in the most literal sense of that much-abused word; it must revolutionise our literary histories. Everybody knows that excellent prose was written before the Conquest, and occasionally afterwards in such books as the *English Chronicle* and the *Ancren Riwle*. But men have generally written as if all this effort had died out; and the Father of Modern English Prose has been sought in John Wyclif, or in the translator of *Maundeville's Travels*. That is, they have assumed a gap of a century and a half between mediæval and modern English. Professor Chambers writes truly: 'With reference to prose, continuity has often been asserted and often denied. Yet there never has been, so far as I know, any attempt to pass in review the extant monuments of prose during the Middle English period, so as to attempt a dispassionate verdict'. To this task, therefore, he now bends his probably unrivalled learning in that field; and, if his examination is not in every sense dispassionate, a reviewer who regards history from a somewhat different angle may be permitted to say that Professor Chambers' verdict seems, on the whole, passionately true.

That verdict may be stated thus: 'Look closely at the facts, and you will fill up the apparent gulf'. If we look only at general literature, there is indeed a gap of two centuries between the *Chronicle* and Maundeville; but, all that time, the art of literary prose was continued by the devotional writers. These men have not interested modern literary historians; the nineteenth-century mind had little sympathy with their subject; in some cases they have not even been printed, or at least not in an adequate text. Yet it was from them that the Wycliffite translators of the Bible learned their craft, and again the translators of the fifteenth century, and then again Sir Thomas More (to whose literary talent Professor Chambers has been the first to render full justice) and More's Protestant adversaries, and the Bible translators of the sixteenth century, and Shakespeare himself. In short, good English prose was never lacking in the Church; and from the Church, in due time, it came out again into the world. All this is enforced with a wealth of facts and quotations which carry absolute conviction. The literary value of the quotations themselves, and the author's own admirable style, hold the reader's attention from first to last: here Professor Chambers shows how the real scholar can write more pointedly and arrestingly than the average man of letters.

Finally, I would only venture to suggest that there is one important consideration to which he does not give its full value. He rightly reminds us that, but for neglect and destruction by a society which had lost sympathy with these mediæval religious writers, we should now possess far more of their works, and the bridge which he has constructed might be made into a solid causeway; perhaps even a high-road. But we must apply this still more emphatically to the Lollard and Lutheran writers who were busy during a great deal of this period. The Henrician and Edwardian and Elizabethan neglect or destruction were not comparable in their effect to that age-long repression of the heretical word which had preceded. We may say advisedly '*word*', since the literary tradition was far more predominantly oral in those days than in the modern world. And, even among what survives of heretical literature, may we not find parallels to almost everything that our author quotes from the mediæval recluses or mystics? The real root of the best prose was in the writer's unfeigned interest in his subject; all these men felt too deeply to write badly; the chronicler describing the miseries of Stephen's reign; the mystic counting the joys of heaven and writing of his own earthly peace that passed all understanding; the Lollard Thorpe treading his 'foul unhonest prison' underfoot almost in Bunyan's words, and praying that all religious quarrels may be swallowed up in true perfect charity, though at another time he can describe the Canterbury Pilgrimage in as effective homely satire as More himself commands. To this pamphlet by William Thorpe, Professor Chambers does indeed allude in passing; but does he render full justice to Lollard prose in general, and especially to all those verbal religious discussions, on the high-road or by the fireside, for which we have definite evidence, and which must have helped as much to form English prose style as the serious or gay talk at courts and in high social circles must have helped to form Chaucer's poetical style? It is true, as Professor Chambers remarks, that Chaucer's ordinary prose style was undistinguished: an indefatigable learner in the art of poetry, he neglected prose. But there is one striking exception, which again would seem to show that the main factor in good prose is to mean what we say. That last paragraph of the *Parson's Tale*, in which Chaucer looks back on his own past and begs God's mercy, would not have been disowned by More himself, or by any one of the writers whom we read with gratitude in this book.

G. G. COULTON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Cambridge History of English Literature
Cambridge University Press. 15 vols. 5s. each. 63s. set

THE APPEARANCE OF *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, in slim blue instead of the familiar stout pink, at 5s. a volume instead of 25s., is an event of first-class importance. First, for its form—the type is the same as in the original edition, but the margins are smaller and the paper thinner, so these new volumes take up just about half the shelf room of the old. They are a reprint of the text only of the old ones: the bibliographies have been omitted, but as they are now in process of complete revision and amplification, and are in due course to be published as *The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, there is here no cause of complaint.

Hitherto, cost and bulk have largely restricted this *History* to libraries. Now that it has come within reach of the private individual's purse, he may well ask what he can look to get out of it. What he should first realise is that the editors, Sir A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller, never intended it to be read straight through from beginning to end, starting long before Beowulf and finishing after Oscar Wilde—to do so would be to risk a bad bout of literary indigestion. They planned it as a very comprehensive series of studies of the writers of this country, with none of the arbitrary herding of a host of dissimilar authors into pens labelled 'Age of Reason', 'Romantic Revival', etc., which is the favourite and most misleading method of compilers of histories of literature. In order to get the fullest authority and scholarship for each section, they invited different people to undertake the different chapters. Each volume is, therefore, a highly composite work: this naturally means that there is a difference in method, in tone, and in point of view between the chapters, that the work has not the unity imposed by one man's controlling mind. But it also means that each chapter is the work of a person who has the fullest knowledge of what he is writing about. To take a few examples at random, mediæval metrical romances were apportioned to W. P. Ker, sixteenth-century scholars and antiquarians to Charles Whibley, Donne to Professor Grierson, Wordsworth to Emile Legouis, nineteenth-century historians to Sir A. W. Ward. The result is that although the criticisms vary tremendously in value, the information given is very nearly perfect. And while there is diversity of method within a volume, there is often a continuity of method between different chapters of different volumes, due to the fact that occasionally a general subject was allotted to one author, to deal with at different periods in successive volumes. Examples of this vertical unity, in contrast to the horizontal diversity, are given by Professor W. R. Sorley's six chapters on philosophy and philosophers, by Professor Saintsbury's five on prosody, by W. H. Hutton's four on theologians and divines, by C. R. Previté-Orton's three on political writers.

One of the chief aims of the Editors of this *History* was to link up literature proper with the other related intellectual activities. Thus there are chapters on such matters as the book-trade, typography, the beginnings of journalism, the formation of libraries, the relation of English and foreign literature, the literature of sport and science, and economic and political thought. The only related activities of which no particular note is taken are music and painting; and this is a pity, as an understanding of the eighteenth-century nature poets, for instance, can be enlarged by an appreciation of the contemporary landscape-painters, while Pre-Raphaelite Art can tell us a lot about Victorian mediævalist poetry. But that is only one criticism, which does not seriously detract from the outstanding merit of the *History*—which is that it contains the material we look for in an encyclopædia, and is yet readable in the way an encyclopædia never can be.

A Wayfarer in Denmark
By Georg Bröchner. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

As near relations and good customers, we ought to visit the Danes less seldom than we do, and this book, written by a Dane, is certain to arouse the interest of intending visitors to the forthcoming Copenhagen Exhibition. It will, moreover, whet their appetite for Denmark's famous food and satisfy their curiosity in unusual surroundings. Books on Scandinavia are unaccountably scarce and it is therefore useful to find one written in a readable style and illustrated as this is with a large number of well-chosen photographs. After a somewhat florid piece of writing at the opening of the book there follows a brief sketch of Danish history that is both interesting and unfamiliar. While the traveller is being ferried, train and all, across the Little Belt and the Great Belt, his mind will go back to the amazing exploit of Charles X of Sweden, surely unparalleled in the history of arms. In 1658 the swift current through the Belts failed to keep the sea clear of ice; after a period of bitter cold the sea froze, and Charles X took instant advantage of the conditions. He first led his army across the ice to the island of Fünen, and thence a week later dared the passage of the Great Belt to land on Sealand, where he fell upon the defenceless capital of Denmark and made himself master of the country. The picture lives in the memory, '. . . horsemen dismounting where the ice was weakest and cautiously leading their horses as far apart as possible'. Ice-breakers in Copenhagen harbour to-day bear witness to the difficulties of Baltic navigation at certain seasons.

As a city that has suffered much from fire at different times, Copenhagen has been largely rebuilt. Many of the churches and palaces that look old date only from last century, so that the sentimentalist gazing with delight at the lofty beauties of St. Nicholas, a striking brick tower crowned with copper domes and gilded globes, will regret to learn that it is a modern copy erected at the instance of a philanthropic brewer. Modern Copenhagen provides anxiety enough for the pedestrian, who has to guard himself less from cars than from bicycles; every second inhabitant possesses one of these, and the rule of the road is the reverse of ours; the result is that any attempt to cross the Town Hall square during the rush-hour is a matter of extreme hazard, complicated by the existence of special cycling paths and a blithe indifference to using them on the part of the riders. But when safely inside the Tivoli the stranger will find an amusement park of which the Danes are proud indeed; here the author leads his charge to one of the restaurants and guides him through the bill of fare; this gives opportunity for dilating on the number and variety of ingredients that go to the celebrated *smörrebröd*, that one-sided sandwich which begins the Danish meal, mystifies the Englishman, and is best explained as an excuse for sampling *snaps*. Mr. Bröchner successfully captures the charm and gaiety of Copenhagen and guides the traveller to restaurants and ramparts with equal skill. Where could one find a more interesting quarter than Nyboder?—half a dozen streets of red-tiled cottages built for the sailors of the fleet nearly 300 years ago, and still in use to-day in the heart of the city with police of its own and sailors living as Christian IV planned.

Chapters on other Danish towns and on the countryside of the mainland, Jutland, add value to the book, which closes with entertaining extracts from correspondence between Dickens and Hans Andersen.

Dolls and Puppets. By Max von Boehn. Harrap. 30s.

The family tree of the doll is surprisingly venerable and proliferous. Long ago in the Palæolithic caves of France the first primitive statuary, in the form of crude representations of the general figure, was carved out of limestone and steatite; perhaps even before then Neanderthal man had begun to collect natural fragments of rock resembling human forms, and to improve their appearance in his own way. No one knows why man thus started making dolls, whether for religious, artistic, or utilitarian purposes; but, having once begun, he has never ceased to find new uses for the habit. An early use of the doll—or idol—was, as Herr von Boehn shows, to represent the spirits of the dead; and so the doll came to play an important part among savage peoples in ancestor worship, and later among the Christian peoples of Europe in the cult of saints and the Madonna.

In the next place dolls have a special value in magic, where the way to success lies in symbolic representation or imitation of the object aimed at. Image magic can show a continuous history from the days of ancient Greece down to our own times; Herr von Boehn quotes an amusing story of a charity bazaar in London in 1900, when pennies were collected from the public for the right to stick pins into an image of President Kruger! Dolls, furthermore, are useful as gifts—to redeem vows, to make propitiatory offerings, and to provide substitutes for too valuable sacrifices. At the close of the Middle Ages the aristocratic habit of constructing general images of kings and noblemen led to the introduction of the waxwork and the mannequin, whereby dolls could be made to minister to the desire for spectacle and sensation. From all this Herr Boehn infers that the doll was of practical use to the adult long before it began to delight the child. It was only, he suggests, as the use of dolls in magical and religious rites began to decline that the little figures came to be handed over to children to play with. Toy dolls have existed only among civilised peoples, beginning with ancient Egypt. As for the commercial manufacture of dolls, this goes back not much further than the fourteenth century A.D. Thereafter comes the golden age of the doll, when for four centuries or more German, French and English craftsmen vied with each other in inventiveness and richness of elaboration: a by-product of this craftsmanship (originating with England) being the discovery that dolls could be used for advertisement and the display of new fashions in dress. Since then dolls have been used for educational ends, for decoration, as utensils and mascots, and finally for edible purposes in biscuit form.

A regular doll-revolution was brought about by the introduction of moveable and detachable limbs, and this links on to the use of dolls as automata—a development hastened by the invention of clockwork. The manipulation of dolls as puppets goes back to ancient Athens, but genuine marionettes were not seen till about the sixteenth century A.D., the earliest taking the form of two figures made to move by a string attached to the showman's foot. During the next century marionettes worked by hand began to become popular, and soon every European country—not to speak of those in the Far East—had its marionette theatre. In some cases marionettes even competed successfully against the living stage—for example, in England under the Puritan régime. Soon, however, in this country, the marionette decayed away, till nothing but the Punch and Judy show survived. But in other countries it has been taken more seriously, and has been maintained by popular favour long enough to develop its own traditions and technique. Mr. Bernard Shaw is quoted at the outset of *Dolls and Puppets* as expressing the opinion that the natural stage has much to learn from the artificial stage. 'I always', he writes, 'hold up the wooden actors as instructive object lessons to our flesh-and-blood players'. Certainly puppets and marionettes, as all who have seen them can testify, possess a special charm of their own; and their stage lends itself to a happy expression of the special talents of the costumier, decorator, and designer. The wealth of form and pattern to which dolls and puppets have given scope is effectively demonstrated in the hundreds of illustrations with which Herr von Boehn's book is enriched. Not only is the material arranged with historical and logical lucidity, but the treatment of each aspect of the subject is encyclopædic. The doll has found here her complete chronicler and vindicator.

Sculpture and the Living Model. By Eric Gill
Sheed and Ward. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Gill's language has all the clarity and precision of his carving. But he has so much to say and so many ideas are racing in his mind that this short twenty pages of *credo* make hard and compact reading. They constitute, in fact, a full statement of a sculptor's aims. Starting from the question 'Should a sculptor take account of the living model when he creates his work?', Mr. Gill explains that the sculptor's job is to make 'images'; that images are things held by the mind; that the civilised mind is not, and cannot, be a mirror; that the mind that is merely a mirror is the mind of a primitive, and that in consequence the real primitives are not the pre-Raphaelites, but the Palæolithic cavemen and the modern Royal Academicians. Actually the mind 'cooks all that the eye and ear present to it, chews it, sucks it like an orange and makes marmalade of it. The one thing it does not naturally do is make a verisimilitude of it'. We have, he explains, lived through a century in which 'imitation' was the keyword in all forms of life. Consequently copying rather than creating was the basis of art, since what the public wanted was copies and imitations. Drawing, painting and modelling from life models was therefore the essence of the art-production and art-demand of the last century. In their place, Mr. Gill admits that life-studies in art have a purpose. They are like anatomical text-book studies, or fashion plates—things wanted for a specific use. But the artist's job is the recreation of what has been dealt with by his mental processes. The life model, and studies from it, are to the artist but a dictionary to which he can refer. 'You do not go to a dictionary for ideas'. Such is the main gist of this admirable essay (originally read as a paper in Oxford). Every artist and everyone interested in art will learn from it. It is not often that a creative artist is perfectly frank and perfectly lucid. Mr. Gill has the added advantage of being perfectly comprehensible.

The Invisible Army. By Desmond Ryan
Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.

Anyone who can manage to remind us that our favourite abstractions are only abstractions is a clear gain. If he can do the job in such a way as to make us see (and almost literally, as with our eyes) that a quarrel between 'England' and 'Ireland' involves much more than an exchange of lessons, in logic and the nicer casuistries of international law, between an Executive President and a Secretary of State, he becomes a positive public benefactor. Mr. Desmond Ryan may not have aspired consciously to this high function. In *The Invisible Army* he offers ostensibly no more than a novel—with, as its sub-title (*A Story of Michael Collins*) indicates, contemporary historical interest to give it spice. But he has, in fact, far more than bettered his promise. The names of the characters are mostly fictitious; so, too, are the locations of most of the incidents; but there his fiction ends. The real substance of his book—which throbs, pulses and quivers with life from start to finish—is the actual flesh and blood of history as it was fabricated by the myriad interweaving actions and reactions of men in Ireland between Easter Week, 1916, and the end of 1922. It is a tale of the war for the Irish Republic—which left that Republic established only in the idea. Naturally, its hero, so far as it has one, is the, by now, semi-mythical Michael Collins. Equally naturally he is seen only in baffling half-glimpses: the one fixed abiding figure in a whirling chaos of passions and exaltations, hates and heroisms, blood, farce, terror, pathos, ruin and war. Mr. Ryan has, it must be repeated, invented nothing; rather has he, by a miracle of suppression, selection and recombination, risen far above invention and recreated for us a whole chapter in the history of Ireland, a whole episode in the adventure of man.

It is impossible to believe other than that the author himself lived through all that he describes, and just as he described it. Otherwise it would have been beyond his, or any other man's, compass to give us such a nerve-rending sense of horror cancelling horror, and cancelled in turn by further horror until all capacity for sensation is numbed and jumbled into one undifferentiated yearning for an end—somehow; it mattered not how. The Easter Week, the 'Tan' war, the Civil War—such is the theme: the same and not the same. The spectacular, almost grandiose, gesture of 1916, sublime in its very futility; the 'murdering-time' of 1919 to 1922, when the 'Black-and-Tans' and the Auxiliaries raided, infuriated, right and left, hitting at a foe that even at noon-day was still the 'terror that walketh in darkness'; the aftermath of the Civil War, in which those who won admitted defeat by the very act of winning. No Englishman can talk intelligently of the 'Irish Problem' until he has read such a book as this. The fact that it is so Irish of the Irish that its author hardly even mentions England makes it all the more complete and consummate in its educative efficacy.

As an attempt to reconstruct Michael Collins the book is not quite so unqualified a success. Certainly 'Mick' is there, true to life—parts of him. But that is just the essence of the enigma. There was in Michael Collins—as for a matter of that there is in most of us—more than one plane of being. At one level there was 'Mick' the quintessential Corkman, the super-larrikin; at another there was young Collins (who couldn't grow up), a romantic tool willingly lent to the hands of an Ireland-of-the-Sorrows fighting for her soul; at yet another was the man Michael Collins upon whose head his enemies set a price of £10,000, the ruthless office-martinet who organised and maintained the most foolproof machine of espionage and counter-espionage ever devised. And there were several other 'Micks', shades and gradations of transition between all three. Mr. Ryan does not quite succeed in giving us the complete synthesis—but then, who could?

The Medical Value of Psycho-Analysis
By Franz Alexander. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

One of the many interesting points which Dr. Alexander makes in this book is that medicine had, until the advent of Freud, been spared the kind of revolution which has overtaken the sciences. It is an interesting parallel that as physics can no longer be sure of its ground, and has gone far beyond the atom, so too medicine is being forced to reconsider its philosophical basis. It is not, as Dr. Alexander points out, that the physico-chemical approach to the study of the human organism is false, but merely that it is insufficient—just as first the molecule, then the atom, and finally the whole structure of physics has proved insufficient to explain observed phenomena.

This book is an attempt to dissipate the prejudice against psycho-analysis which still remains so absolute in many a medical mind—and doctors are perhaps the most diehard of all people, but fortunately never for very long. The first chapter on 'Psycho-analysis and Medicine' is admirable, especially in the clear manner in which is discussed the method of psychological observation and how this differs from any other scientific approach, in so far as the observer and the object of observation are of the same kind—hence the necessary co-existence of objective and introspective observation. This necessarily procures certain sources of error which are also clearly tabulated and discussed. The next section, which is an attempted outline of the theory and practice of psycho-analysis, is perhaps the least successful part of the book, but it is almost inevitable that any such attempt at condensation should fail in some degree, given the enormous complexity of the theoretical interpretation which psycho-analysis attempts to give of the secrets of the soul. The diagrams particularly will remind any doctor of those confusing schemata of developing embryos with which he struggled as a student. Dr. Alexander is perhaps rash in introducing into a book for innocents such an advanced elaboration as his own distinction between the unconscious super-ego and conscious ego-ideal.

Of great interest to the medical man is the chapter on psychogenic factors in disease, where convincing examples are given of the part played by purely mental factors in such conditions as gastric ulcer. We find also a most interesting section on the present position with regard to the psychoses; nowhere have we found a clearer distinction between neurosis and psychosis than that given by the author. Given a doctor, young or old, or even an intelligent layman interested in the subject, who asks for a beginner's book on psycho-analysis, and wants to know what the whole business is about, we would certainly choose this book above all others; it is brief, clear, authoritative and of very great interest.

New Novels

Peking Picnic. By Ann Bridge. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
Greenbanks. By Dorothy Whipple. Murray. 7s. 6d.
The Two Thieves. By T. F. Powys. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
Cold Comfort Farm. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Pilate's Wife. By Jean Damase. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by ERIC LINKLATER

PEKING PICNIC is one of those very satisfying books where excitement is both external and internal: the keenest interest is aroused by the people in the story, by their characters, their emotions, and the crises in their inner lives; and their capture by Chinese bandits is a really thrilling outward adventure. Miss Bridge has admirable command over the wide variety of her material; she is witty, and writes with genuine beauty. Her characters include English, French, Americans and Chinese, and she exploits their national differences with subtlety and bland amusement. Their background—Peking and its neighbourhood—is described with enthusiasm, affection and what certainly appears to be real understanding. She can picture a landscape most vividly. Here is a paragraph that reveals her perceptive eye and selective pen:

> As the car bounced on its way in clouds of suffocating dust the perpetual scene of the North China plain unrolled itself before them. On their left rose Pa-Pao Shan, a golden hill on a landscape the colour of brown paper; in the distance spindly trees shaped themselves as patterns in blue lace on the skyline. Once, on a parallel track, they saw a file of camels half a mile long, stencilled brown on the brown horizon, like a moving colonnade—high, slow, unceasing. The hills rose nearer and clearer ahead of them, till they could see the dark smears of green where the woods of thuja and juniper run up into the hollows.

And here is a comment equally percipient on Oriental statesmanship:

> The best policy in the world will be wrong in China, Madame, if it is consistent, just *because* it is consistent. To-day you must use the bludgeon, to-morrow you offer the gift. You must not have a policy—you must send a man you trust to act *à discrétion*, who will choose the appropriate inconsistency for each emergency as it arises.

The story is simple. Mrs. Leroy and her two *kuniangs*—young ladies visiting her—go for an extended picnic with half-a-dozen other members of the official community in Peking. They visit Chieh T'ai Ssu, the Monastery of the Platform of Vows, and there, quickened by the beauty of an earthly paradise, love breaks cover in a variety of shapes and by combining several natural antipathies in the crucible of emotion produces some highly effervescent mixtures. Miss Bridge describes these affairs with uncommon deftness, with a sympathy that has plenty of room for wit, and in one case with a most moving comprehension of tragedy.

Some of the party go farther to see another temple—and here the bandits come in. The description of their arrival is a masterly piece of writing. They are real bandits, very terrible in their childishness, stupidity, and sudden ferocity; and the captivity of the picnickers, brief though it is, has a strong quality of suspense. The rescue is effected by the interposition of an amateur diplomat, and those who care may find here a pleasant satire on official methods. But the satire is not hard-driven, for if satire once bolted where would it stop in such a land as this, where filthiness and vice and cruelty flourish and most improperly combine to produce charm and beauty—a land where black small-pox is called *hua-ping*, the flower illness?

Greenbanks is penny-plain after the tuppence-coloured of *Peking Picnic*. It is a sound and skilful family narrative, very honest in its dealings with the characters and particularly happy in the portrayal of an attractive grandmother—the nodal point in the family and narrative alike—and a very attractive small girl. There are no bandits, of course, but there is a respectable villain in Jim, the selfish, hard, and grasping son; and Ambrose, a son-in-law, is a delightful picture of the perfect father—incredibly boring, self-sufficient, over-busy and ineffective. The history of two unhappy marriages—one surviving and one dissolving—is related with a fine semblance of reality, and people who care to discover in a novel the likeness of their own neighbours should derive some gently malicious pleasure from the different Greenbanks families: they are so life-like that the Inland Revenue authorities may well endeavour to assess them. While for sheer utility the dulcet acerbity of this piece of domestic repartee should be widely appreciated:

> Ambrose saw Miss Cope only on her platform during speech day and other ceremonies.
>
> 'Not attractive', he remarked when they returned home from one such occasion.
>
> Letty was stung. She admired Miss Cope and resented this male attitude.
>
> 'Are you?' she asked abruptly.
>
> Ambrose was very taken aback.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that I read *Cold Comfort Farm* immediately before *The Two Thieves*, for in the first of his three parables Mr. Powys deals with the very kind of landscape that Miss Gibbons has just fertilised with the wildest hilarity. *Cold Comfort Farm* is a parody of those novels in which unhappy tillers of the soil pursue their hopeless vocation under skies invariably pitiless until at last they sink out of sight in the surrounding mud. It is a scandalous burlesque, wickedly funny and extraordinarily clever. And then in the first of the stories in *The Two Thieves*—it is called 'In Good Earth'—I read this: 'Although the hour was late, a figure stooped in the mangold patch—a bending creature, a man of many sorrows, who knew the earth only a hard mother. This man was Thomas Gidden. . . . He had struggled with the earth so long that he had become gnarled and knotted, and it was easy to see which of the two must at the last be defeated'. In other circumstances I might have thought that pitiful and impressive—but, alas! Miss Gibbons had laid the springs of her laughter among the mangolds, and I was yet captive in them. And in Mr. Powys' second story, which is called 'God', I read: ' "Oh, no", she said, "I do not live here. I am going to Pennybarrow, if the boys let me. They always wait for me by the bridge to pull me about. I can never come here but they take hold of me. It's impossible for me to move but they see me. I expect they're after me now", she said, looking round and smiling'. And again the result was unhappy, for in the lush simplicity of these rural manners Miss Gibbons had set the gins of her mockery, and my feet were still caught in her snares.

But Mr. Powys is an author accustomed to respect, and readers who bring to him a large and magnanimous simplicity will probably find additional reason for that in these parables. I implore them, however, not to read Miss Gibbons' book first.

In France's occupation of Syria M. Damase has rediscovered that Roman difficulty whose tragic solution so amazingly influenced the course of history and the nature of mankind: Pilate's difficulty, that is. A French official, whose duty is to maintain peace and administer justice in his province, is forced to take into custody a wandering prophet whose creed is hostile to one of the established religions of the district. The angry priests declare that such cases are in their jurisdiction only—and, indeed, the official has been forbidden to meddle with religious matters. There is a riot in town, Mussulmans join with the outraged Alouites, and the Governor, who is momentarily expecting promotion and his return to France, is in a sad state of mind. What can the poor man do? Orders are orders—the High Commissioner quotes the very paragraph—and his promotion is at stake. So the Alouite priests get the prophet and deal with him in their own way. The final tragedy is told with eloquent pity, and in his dying agony the prophet's eyes are opened to bitter knowledge:

> 'O my Father, forgive those who hate without understanding, forgive that old woman too, who is making her way through the crowd and spitting towards me, mumbling out curses. . . . What harm have I done her? Perhaps I have overthrown her celestial paradise. Yes! that must be the crime I have committed. My truth has clashed with their truth. I showed them a heaven, and in my heaven are none of the magic gardens, filled with fair houris, which had been promised them'.

Side by side with and intermingled with this matter is the story of the Governor's political secretary and the Governor's wife. M. Damase has wit and a knowledge of psychology, and out of these contrives a novel and agreeable termination to the affair. Such is his skill that the two subjects do not clash: the urbanity of the latter is merely a foil to the solemnity and passion of the former. *Pilate's Wife* is a novel of unusual quality. It is the concept of a distinguished mind and the work of an artist.

Mr. Linklater also recommends *The Solid Man*, by O'Reilly Coghlan (Faber, 7s. 6d.); *Sea Tangle*, by George Blake (Faber, 7s. 6d.); *The Golden Bee*, by Patrick Chalmers (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.); *Grope Carries On*, by F. O. Mann (Faber, 7s. 6d.); *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew*, by Christopher Ward (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.); and *As A Man Grows Older*, by Italo Svevo (Putnam, 10s. 6d.).